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Best True Fact
DETECTIVE

THRILLING CASES FROM POLICE FILES!

PDC

SEEING THE POLICEMAN.
THE SCARLET TEMPTRESS
TURNED AND FLED!

25c



**CRIMSON CRIMES OF
THE LUSTFUL LADIES!**



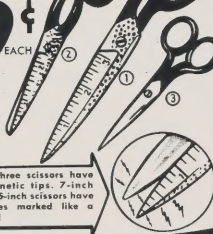
Bargain Page of SEWING INVENTIONS!

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Three different size pairs of the most unusual, new kind of sewing scissors on the market today—at a price you'd expect to pay for just one pair of other high-quality scissors! No. 1 is full size 7-inch bent trimmer, clip point dress-making scissors. Cuts fabrics easily, quickly. No. 2 is 5-inch double-point sewing scissors for all fabrics. No. 3 is 4-inch embroidery scissors, needle-sharp for cutting yarns, threads, loose ends. 7-inch and 5-inch scissors have new ruled edge blade feature for accurate cutting! Now you can measure while you sew! All three have amazing, new magnetic tips... easily pick up pins and needles! All of long-wearing scissors steel, forged and hand-ground, plated in gleaming nickel. Individually hand-sharpened and hand-polished!

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Other scissors cost \$2.95 and more. These are the FIRST real low price quality scissors! Quality made! 2 1/2" blades, ample for any size buttonholes! Handy set screws regulate length of cut. Steel-forged, brightly plated! Amazing bargain!

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AS FAST AS YOUR MACHINE CAN RUN!

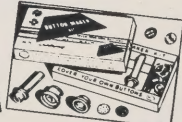


Save hours of hand-ripping, eliminate danger of cut fingers! SEAM-APART takes out any machine stitching easily, quickly—on hem binding, French seam, flat seam, etc. Just run seam through machine. And the seam is ripped apart cleanly—like magic! Amazingly simple to use! Just take out needle, slip in SEAM-APART! So simple a child can do it! Fits all types of sewing machines. Only 79¢ instead of 95¢ others charge! FREE! Handy Needle Threading, fine quality steel needles!



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All 3 for 98¢

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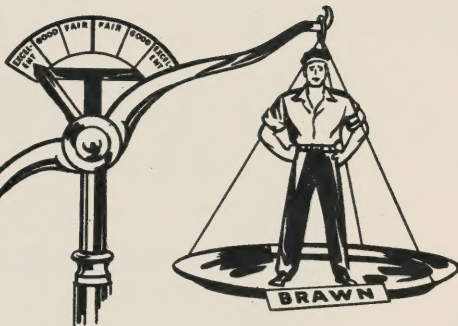
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EQUAL
BUT ONLY 1 WINS**



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Address RFD or Zone

City State Age

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Cases

SEX-STARVED WOMEN ARE COFFIN BAIT! 10

Forty times the conniving monster walked to the altar—and almost as many times he escorted a lovely bride to her grave!

CRIMSON CRIMES OF THE LUSTFUL LADIES! 14

Out of the sewers of the red light district a sordid tale of a broken-down harlot and her robbing, murdering gigolo lover was dredged up by the sheer brilliance of the police!

WHY THE GOOD WIFE LEFT HOME! 18

The bloody mermaid rose from the sea to challenge her killer's right to kill!

SCARLET SINS OF THE VICE LORDS OF PARIS! 22

The gals thought they were headed for a bed of roses when they became molls and mistresses of the Bonnot gang. . . . But they suffered the tortures of the damned! . . . They were prisoners of love!

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When a man gets involved in a web of illicit loves—too often he finds murder is the only way out of an embarrassing situation!

THE THRILL-SEEKING BEAUTY DANCED WITH DEATH! 31

Big city lights, catchy dance music, the promise of romance, glamour and tinsel—all these lured the thrill-seeking beauty to a bloody death!

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He was a fool to think he could keep them apart—to think that their paths would never meet. He was a fool not to foresee that there would be hell to pay!

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Hard luck set up headquarters in the Clark home. First it was visited by poverty, then death paid a call. . . . And soon after, arson and murder knocked at his front door!

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Do guns win more votes than speeches?

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A little oily flattery on the killer's trail made him slip into the waiting arms of the law!

CRIME ON HIS HANDS! 41

Blood money stains a killer's hands—and that stain can never be washed out. . . . Sooner or later, it will turn and betray him!

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☐ Boy Doll ☐ 14" Doll at \$4.95
☐ Girl Doll ☐ 16" Doll at \$6.95
☐ 18" Doll at \$8.95
☐ I want the doll I have checked in natural colors at \$1.00 extra. I have listed color of hair, eyes, and other information and am enclosing this with the photograph.

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(Specially posed by professional models)

By **LEE KESSLER**

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"WHY DEFEND ON

SPEECHES TO WIN AN

ELECTION," BIG JOE

FIGURED, "WHEN GUNS

DO THE JOB SO MUCH

QUICKER AND SURER?"

The others rushed for shelter as another blast of rifle fire raked them.

In a few minutes, the street was deserted except for the bodies of the dead and wounded. The latter tried to crawl to safety. One of them edged his way, inch by inch, into a near-by drugstore where he collapsed on the floor, dead.

This strange and bloody incident filled the front pages of practically every newspaper, and became known as the "Keystone Massacre."

Three persons had died on the spot; two others died of their injuries later; scores were seriously wounded.

John J. "Big Joe" Bruno, before whose home the massacre had occurred, was arrested and put on trial for his life.

Bruno maintained his innocence; in fact he claimed he was telephoning for help after the first blast of rifle-fire, despite the fact that the marchers were his political enemies.

After a short trial, Big Joe was convicted. He was found guilty on three separate indictments for first degree murder and also on three separate indictments for second degree murder. He was awarded three life sentences.

Big Joe's relatives fared badly, (Continued on page 61)

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

IT was a cold November 5, 1934. There had been a political rally in the little town of Kelayres, Pa., and a crowd of people came parading up the street, laughing, cheering, shouting, singing. The parade was the climax of a bitter state election campaign. The marchers would go to the polls on the morrow.

But not all the paraders would vote.

A rifle volley split the air, and screams of pain came from some of the marchers as they dropped to the pavement, mortally wounded.

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By CARL BATES

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Ham during all the weeks which the medical examiner said must have intervened between the slaying and the discovery of his body.

Police were not puzzled by Uncle Ham's lack of visitors, for his nicker—
(Continued on page 58)

A LITTLE OILY FLATTERY, APPLIED AT THE RIGHT TIME

IN THE RIGHT PLACE ON THE KILLER'S TRAIL,

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By PETER BECKETT

If it were not for desperate women in the world, there would be no tales of Bluebeards. And by desperate women I do not mean those who satisfy their emotions by murdering some rival. I

**THE VILLAIN PREYED ON THE VAST ARMY OF
LONELY, DESPERATE, LOVE-HUNGRY WOMEN WHO
DREAM IN THEIR SOLITUDE OF A MAN'S PASSIONATE
EMBRACE, HIS FLATTERY, HIS COMPANIONSHIP ...
FOR THIS THEY ARE WILLING TO GIVE THEIR
HEARTS, THEIR SOULS, THEIR WEALTH -
AND THEIR UNHAPPY LIVES!**

mean those poor souls who are starved for masculine affection. Those wall flowers in the gay ballroom of life who sit by and watch younger and more attractive women carry off the prizes. I mean the left-overs in the matrimonial market.

As years go on, and they see themselves grow older, and more remote from the goal of their fancies, they clutch desperately at the man who can give them companionship, who can even persuade them that they are charming. They are willing to pay for this, to give their money, and, in some instances, their lives.

These women are the ready prey of such monsters as Landru, de Jong, Pel, and Johann Hoch, the German killer of Chicago.

One cold January day in 1905, a neatly dressed, middle-aged woman came timidly into a New York precinct station.

"Can I speak to someone?"

"You can that. Whats the trouble, lady?"

"I have a man over to my house." The desk sergeant smothered a smile.

"Nothing unusual in that, lady. Husband, eh? What's he been doing, beating you up?"

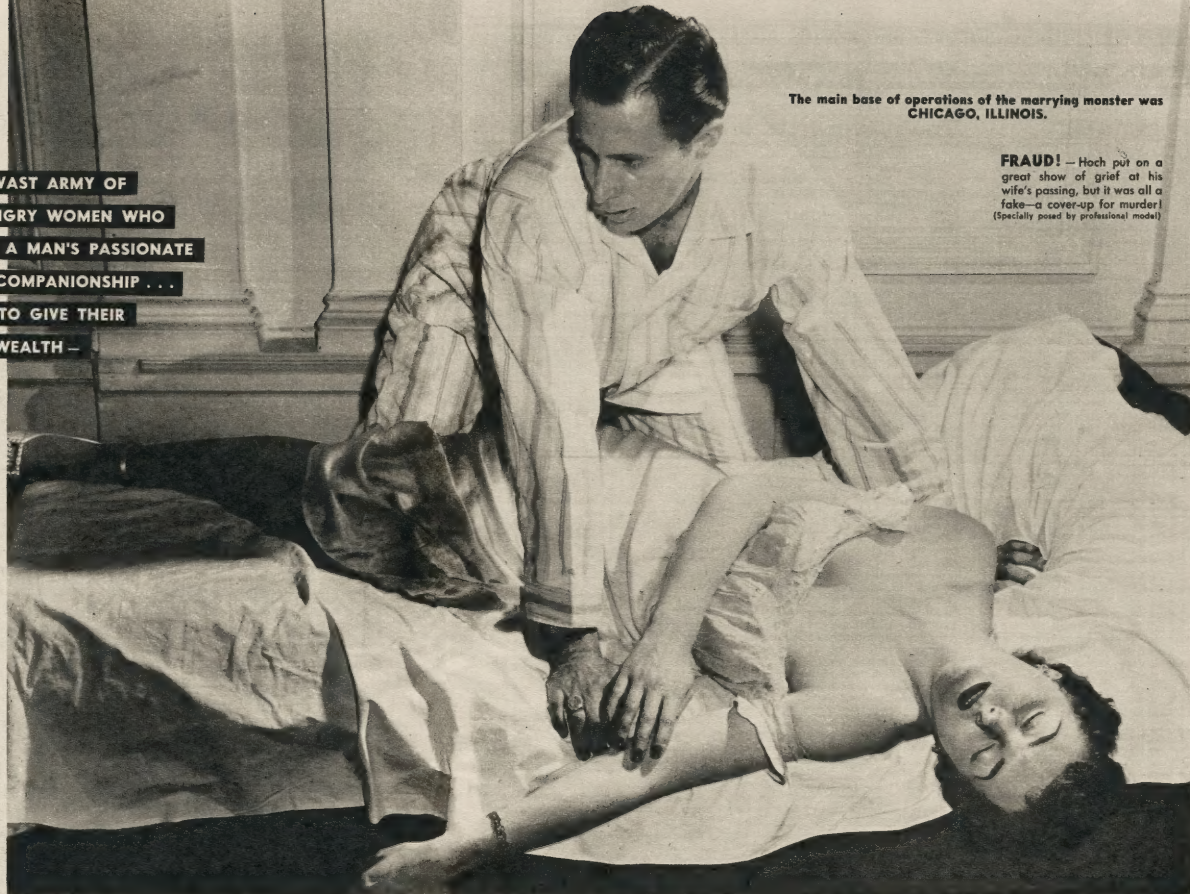
"Oh, no, indeed. He's a roomer."

"Making trouble for you? How much does he owe you?"

"He doesn't owe me anything. You see, officer, I was looking at the paper last night, this paper"—she held it up—"and I saw this man's face. Well, it's the man's face, but it ain't the same name."

The sergeant reached out a leisurely hand for the paper.

"Holy smoke! John Hoch. Now



The main base of operations of the marrying monster was CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

FRAUD!—Hoch put on a great show of grief at his wife's passing, but it was all a fake—a cover-up for murder! (Specially posed by professional model)

SEX - STARVED

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

WOMEN ARE COFFIN BAIT!

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

ady, let me get this straight. You say you've got a man living in your house that looks like this square-head. Is that right?"

"Yes."
"And you think he's John Hoch, the Chicago bigamist that's wanted by the police? What does he call himself?"

"Henry Bartells."
"Can you describe him, lady?"
"Well, he's middle size, stocky-like, German, black hair and a mustache, black eyes."

"Hum—that might be him. Anything else you can tell about him?"

The caller hesitated.
"Well, I been reading about Hoch and the way he acted with women, and would you believe it—well, I rented him a room—he paid me the money right down, and I left him. I was peeling some potatoes in the kitchen about twenty minutes after, and I heard some one give a cough. There was Mr. Bartells. He said could he trouble me for a glass of water, and I gave him one. So he got to talking, and I said I was a widow and he said it was a lonely life for a woman like me—that had so much charm—and he hated to see me spoiling my fingers, and could he help peel. Well, I didn't know how to act. He might take offense and leave. So I let him peel. And next day, he says will I marry him. So I got to thinking this was just the way Hoch got them poor women and—"

"The chap is a quick worker. It looks like him, lady. Now, your name and address."

"Mrs. Catherine Kimmerle, 546 West Forty-Seventh Street."

"All right, Mrs. Kimmerle, you go right home, and a couple of the boys will follow. You let them in, and they'll do the rest."

They found Hoch in his room. He stared at them with narrowed eyes.
"This is a private room," he snarled.

"That's all right, Hoch, we're here on business. You're Johann Hoch, last known address Chicago."

"Sure. What's the trouble?"
"Just a minute. What made you beat it out of Chicago in such a hurry?"

"Oh, that—I had some trouble with my sister-in-law."

"What about all these women on your flatter?"

"I flatter them a little, that's all."
"And they hand you every cent they have in the world."

"Business."
"Well, you've done one piece of business that'll take a lot of explaining, Hoch."
"What?"

"Feeding arsenic to your second last wife, Marie Walcker Hoch."

"You are a lot of fools—fools."

"Easy, Hoch. That don't get you anywhere. Here gimme that fountain pen sticking out of your pocket, I left my own home. No ink—what the—say, what you got inside, Hoch? What's this powder? By God, I wouldn't wonder but it was arsenic. Come along now, and we'll give you a nice little room and bath at headquarters."

The contents of the fountain pen, it was soon disclosed, were fifty-eight grains of arsenic.

Questioned, Hoch swore it was tooth powder. When confronted with the analysis, he said:

"Ach, yes. It is arsenic. I bought it so I could commit suicide."

"Where did you buy it?"

Hoch gave the name and address of a New York drug store where he said he had bought both pen and poison salt. This was denied at the drug store. The arsenic had been bought, in all probability, in Chicago, and used in his killing.

So back to Chicago Hoch was transported, where Inspector George Shipley gathered together some facts of the prisoner's history.

And here it may be said that perhaps half of it was never told, for the simple reason that there were intervals in his life which could not be filled in. Had Hoch been tried in Germany, the police system there could have furnished a record of the man's past, but he had come to America, apparently about 1881, leaving a wife in his fatherland.

But what was set down in sufficient confirmation of the story disclosed a career of blackguard villainy and callousness.

HOCH was a good talker in a crude way. There was nothing polished in his manners or mode of speech. He slipped up in his English and had a decided German accent. He was no beauty, and his grossness would have revolted most women, but he found his prey among those desperate souls who wanted a male and a home.

Hoch worked rapidly. His love-making was blind flattery, and the exercise of that hypnotic power which goes with the Bluebeard type of killer. He knew just when to close the deal and force the dazzled woman to sign on the dotted line. She must give him her money as a temporary loan, he always said, his own money being tied up at the time. Once the money had passed into his hands, he was off and away.

If the cash were not forthcoming on the strength of a promise to mar-

ry, Hoch went through a marriage ceremony and fled as soon as he was able.

And if the bride seemed of too determined a nature to forgive and forget her betrayal and desertion. Hoch saw to it that he became a widower and a free agent once more.

When he was arrested, Hoch was going on fifty, and had been many things in his lifetime—machinist, travelling salesman, and showman. He represented himself as employed by a well-known Chicago packing concern.

It was whispered that the monster's knowledge of poisons was as deep as that of the Borgias, who carried the art of getting rid of enemies to a high level of efficiency, but he, in reality, was about as skilled in the pharmacopeia of death as a rat exterminator. He knew that arsenic killed, and what the fatal dose was. As an arsenic dispenser he knew his business.

Between the years 1881 and 1892, Hoch worked in the dark. There is some evidence of his having spent some time in the study of hypnotism and following the carnivals, but what he was doing in the way of matrimonial ventures remains a mystery. It is reasonable to suppose that he did have some victims during that period, but if so, neither they nor their relatives came forward at the trial.

In 1892, this pied piper of Chicago started his ill-omened piping with its message of romance to which ever women would listen to the music.

Three lonely widows answered the call. Mrs. Mayer enjoyed her marital happiness only three weeks. Three weeks meant something different to Hoch than to Elinor Glyn. To Hoch it meant a period of preparation for crime, the time in which his brides property could be transferred to his keeping.

Mrs. Mayer died in convulsions. No one seems to have thought much about the matter, or cared, and Hoch went on to another conquest—that of a Mrs. Irick, whose term of bliss was also short.

We have been led to believe that a divine Providence directs the ends of justice, and that murder will out, but in Hoch's case there seems to be a flaw in the idea. For he went on marrying and killing.

A Mrs. Hauck escaped death at the price of losing all her money, and a woman, unknown, who fell for the charmer in Chicago, probably lived to thank her stars.

IN 1895, Hoch began to make a business of what had so far been
BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

a pastime. He inserted advertisements in German papers in various cities, stating his desire to meet ladies of a more or less mature age and experience, with some property, for companionship and probably matrimony.

Mrs. Martha Steinbucher saw this alluring advertisement and replied. Hoch went, saw and conquered, and within a few days there was a marriage. It lasted four months. At the end of this time, having made her will, the poor woman was taken sick and, as we know, betrayed every symptom of arsenic poisoning.

Hoch was so assiduous in his attentions to the dying woman that when, in her agony, she cried out she was being poisoned, the neighbors merely thought she was delirious. How could any one suspect the model husband?

The profits on this transaction were four thousand dollars, and blithely Hoch went on to the next prospect. This was Mary Rankin, who was so foolish as to transfer her cash to her wooer before the wedding day, and so had to weep for the parting of the bridegroom the day of the ceremony.

Simultaneously, the bigamist drew five hundred dollars apiece from two other brides. Miss Andrews had scarcely recovered from the emotion of the ceremony which made her a married woman when she was in hysterics. Two hours after the preacher had pronounced them man and wife, Hoch was on his way.

Thinking there might be luck in the name Hoch, the matrimonial magician selected a woman of this name to share her fortune with him.

The experiment was successful, for him, but not for her. A doctor wrote her death certificate within the month.

The funeral procession was continued with Mrs. Huss; net profit after three months: two thousand five hundred dollars; Mary Schultz, fate unknown: two thousand dollars.

San Francisco was the next happy hunting ground. Here Hoch, after a whirlwind wooing of three days, led Mrs. Barbara Brossert to the altar. This was September 22, 1896. Two days later, the bridegroom was missing with \$1,460.

Hoch had not left the city, however, but had gone to a boarding house on Turk Street. The landlady, Mrs. Tannert, did not see her ideal man in him, and was making a comfortable living without any craving for romance, so that Hoch's advances met with defeat.

Hoch took a train for Cincinnati, where he beguiled Clara Bartel to place her hand, in his, and her pocketbook, too.

Three months saw the poor woman being carried out of her house on her last trip. And about this time the lady who had been Barbara Brossert died. She did not die of poison, but, incredible as it may seem, of grieving for the vanished lover.

In Hamilton, Ohio, Miss Julia Dose, drew out seven hundred dollars for a wedding trip. Hoch, bridegroom, took the money and the trip alone.

A trifling offense against the law checked Hoch's activities for a couple of years. He was sentenced to prison for selling of furniture on which there was a lien. It was unfortunate, for he had no need to make the extra money by this sale. He had just placed to his credit the proceeds of two other short-lived weddings. Mrs. Martha Hartzfeld, and a Milwaukee widow who passed on after the usual three weeks and left close to \$1,500. to the sorrowing relict.

When Hoch came out of jail, he had learned no moral lesson. In fact, he had spent the time improving his technique.

In November, 1901, he married, robbed and deserted Anna Goehrke of Chicago. Mrs. Becker was his next bride, married in St. Louis. He gave her a longer spell of happiness; she did not die till a year

had elapsed. She was luckier than the rest!

Enjoying his freedom for a little, Hoch did not again marry until January, 1904. Mrs. Anna Hendrickson was the chosen one. She had five hundred dollars, which went the way of all cash on which Hoch cast his longing looks, and eighteen days saw the end of this romance.

Once more the name of Hoch tempted the bearer of the name. Mrs. Lena Hoch of Milwaukee gave her hand and fortune of one thousand five hundred dollars to the gentleman from Chicago. In three weeks, again, Hoch was paying funeral expenses.

You ask, as well you might, where were the police all this time? Did nobody suspect anything in these rapid marriages and funerals? Apparently not. Hoch was moving among stolid, home-loving, law-abiding people, who seldom find their names on the crime sheets. They accepted Hoch as one of themselves, a nice man who had misfortunes with his wives. Such a nice man!

In October of 1904, a German gentleman of the assumed name of John Schmidt, stepped up the aisle with Mrs. Caroline Streicher on his arm. This was in Philadelphia, where no one knew Johann Hoch, but he was taking no chances.

Once more, the lure of freedom called Hoch from his married life, and with two hundred dollars, the profits of eleven days' flattery, he headed for Chicago, registering at Mrs. Bower's hotel.

Hoch was living there when he went to the Chicago City Bank to negotiate the renting of a cottage. He said he was with Armour Co. As he appeared to be a responsible person, the cottage in Union Avenue was rented to him.

A few days later, there appeared in the Chicago Abend Post, a German paper, an advertisement to this effect:

Matrimonial — German, own
(Continued on page 68)



JOHANN HOCH, the Chicago mobster. He had what it takes—so he took

MRS. ERICK went the way of most of Hoch's wives—to the grave! One of many!

MARIE WALKER died after a few arsenic treatments from her devoted spouse.

MRS. MAYER, first of Hoch's forty wives, died in convulsions after three weeks.

MARTHA A. STEINBUCHER cried on her deathbed that she was poisoned.



The heartless slaying of
glamorous Renee Arbel took
place in FRANCE.

MERCY—"Stop it!" Renee begged. "Stop! I'll give you anything you want!" But the murdering monster was beyond stopping by then!

All photos used in this story were specially posed for **TRUE FACT DETECTIVE** by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

CRIMSON CRIMES OF THE LUSTFUL LADIES!

By ERIC GORDON

A PASSION for play, and a play for passion seem to go hand in hand in warm, sunny climes, where skies are blue and winds comes wafting gently from the south.

And so on the shore of the Mediterranean, at Monte Carlo, at Nice, wherever the glittering palaces of fickle chance rise among the palm trees and the perfumed shrubbery, there are always beautiful women to give a smiling, seductive welcome to those few who come away from the green tables with wallets stuffed with thousand franc notes and a mood touched with generosity.

And there also are the women who have once been beautiful and young, but are no longer young. The piteous army of these who once had the world at their feet, but are in retreat from their more successful rivals.

On their faces is written the story of the last desperate struggle to ward off the mark of the years. They are massaged, made up with too little regard for the bright sunlight, still corseted as in their prime, mechanically coquettish in their movements, drawing their skirts tight so that the figure which they school so severely may be outlined, that they may show a glimpse of silk-clad calf, walking just a trifle lamely on too high heels, gesticulating with manicured fingers covered with showy jewels of doubtful value,

taxing tired brains with an effort to be gay, witty, as once they might have been.

No more for them the attentions of a prince, a villa, servants, furs, jewels, every luxury of the season and out of it the fabled history of the courtesan able to pick and choose a millionaire, a duke, a potentate.

They now are painted shadows of past glory. They wander in the gardens of the gambling casinos, or go inside and stand timidly by the tables, touching some man on the arm with a murmured request "Will you put a louis on the table for me, m'sieu?"

Sometimes they sit at the table themselves, risking a few francs on the cards or the spinning wheel, watching them vanish with agonized eyes and hurry away. There will be one meal less that day.

But there are others who have been careful, callous and calculating, laying away what reformers call the wages of sin, a phrase unknown to these ladies. And there are others who have somewhere in the background a not too exciting lover, a well-to-do married merchant or shopkeeper providing them with modest incomes, for sentiment's sake or because of his preference for the mature, for the woman of experience.

An empty phrase that last, for these ladies who ought to know men, if anyone should, are still the

OUT OF THE SEWERS OF THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT A SORDID TALE OF

A BROKEN-DOWN HARLOT AND HER ROBBING, MURDERING GIGOLO LOVER WAS

DREDGED UP BY THE SHEER BRILLIANCE AND DOGGEDNESS OF THE FRENCH POLICE!

easiest prey of the gigolo, the lounge lizard, the worthless young man in search of a meal ticket and a soft bed. Resorts in every part of the globe swarm with these parasites who are ready to fasten themselves to some woman, whom vanity or some last flash of passion has robbed of common sense.

MADAME Renee Arbel was a well known figure in the doubtful society of Nice. She had turned up there in 1926, rented an apartment and told everyone she was a wealthy widow from Lyons, and that she had property there, in Paris and elsewhere which she had to visit and inspect from time to time. She gave every evidence of having money and jewels and spent quite a little of her time at the baccarat tables, though she never plunged. And when she did lose, she made scenes that were no credit to her claim to being a lady.

Madame Arbel had a gentleman friend in Paris whom she saw only at rare intervals, and she made occasional acquaintances whom she induced to contribute to her support. Among them was a Monsieur Leon, proprietor of a restaurant.

Renee had made Leon's acquaintance in 1935, in the springtime, when the heart of an elderly man is so prone to folly. She had a room in an apartment house at 14 Felix-Faure Avenue, but her landlady was dying, and she had to look elsewhere for a place to live. Madame Ricard, an elderly woman who worked as caretaker of a furnished apartment in the building, suggested that as the apartment was vacant, Madame Arbel might care to rent it. Madame Arbel might speak to its owner—a Monsieur Leon.

So, in her best clothes and with her best manner, Madame Arbel saw and conquered Monsieur Leon. She got the apartment, and her admirer said he would see she did not starve.

Monsieur Leon went on a vacation, and Madame Arbel was left to her own entertainment. One blazing August day, she went by bus to Monte Carlo, and into danger. For

there she, who had told Madame Ricard with spiteful emphasis, "Catch me ever paying a young man to run after me!" was compelled to eat her own words.

Sitting at a table a young man in his twenties, handsome in a common way, started to make eyes at her, and against her will, Madame Arbel responded. He told her he was the son of a good family—for the moment temporarily embarrassed. She told him of her property, her private income—each thinking the other was the dupe of these lies.

Actually, the young man was out of a job. He came of a poor family, had tried to sell insurance, had run afoul of the law, and was anything but what he made himself out to be.

Carried away by her passion for his brown eyes and glib persuasion, Madame Arbel brought what she thought was her capture back to Nice and gave him a key to the apartment. She bought him clothes; she gave him pocket money, paid his room rent, but made him work for his living. Robert, as Madame Ricard heard her calling him, not only had to stimulate passion, but had to dance attendance on Madame wherever she went. She trailed him after her like some spoil of war. And not only that, she had him do her decorating and painting.

"Isn't he handsome?" said Madame Ricard watching him at work.

"Handsome is what handsome does," said Madame Arbel meaningfully.

But for all the pet young man's winning ways, all was not well. To Madame Ricard's way of thinking, something was wrong. One day Madame Arbel would all but let Robert walk over her. The next, she would snap his head off, irritable, never in the same mood two days running. Madame Ricard, who knew something of the ways of life, shook her head sagely. People who indulged in unorthodox ways of making love were like that, and there was quite a little gossip in the house about Madame Arbel and her whims and fancies.

Things are coming to a head, Madame Ricard said to herself,

when one day she heard Madame Arbel's door open and voices.

"Get out of here, and don't dare to set foot in my apartment again!"

Madame Arbel repeated her warning in a high hysterical tone and slammed the door, and Madame Ricard, peeping out, saw Robert go downstairs.

She saw her neighbor a day later, but no reference was made to the scene. Indeed, Madame Arbel was in a good humor and had quite gotten over the row.

"I'm going away for a few days, so don't worry. I have a lovely rosewood bedroom suite in Lyons. I'll go and get it and bring it here. It will look handsome in my bedroom."

This was as far as Madame Ricard recalled September 25th. She was busy about then, and so had no chance to pay much attention to what was going on, but the morning of September 30th, she wondered if Madame Arbel had returned. She knocked at her door, and to her amazement there was Robert, back on the job. He said very politely that Renee was away, and he was following in a day or so.

Robert must have gone out soon after, for Madame Ricard heard someone knocking at the Arbel apartment door. She looked out, and there was a man with an enormous trunk.

"Trunk for Madame Arbel from the Travel Supply shop," he said. "It's paid for, so I want to leave it. Is there anyone home?"

"Madame isn't here just now. You can leave it in the hall if you like."

The trunk must have been taken in later, for that night it was gone from the hall.

Next morning, hearing some scraping noise in the hall, Madame Ricard found Robert tugging and pulling the trunk towards the stairs.

"Oh, you're going now," she said. "Do you know when I can expect Madame?"

"I don't know. She didn't say. I'll be back in a day or so myself. Au revoir, Madame Ricard."

Robert slid the trunk down the flight of stairs and must have pulled it down the other two, for she hap-



HIGHEST BIDDER — In her heyday, Renee had been able to hold out for a high price for her favors, and money bought her love.

STREETWALKER — Robert met Therese in the red light district in a small town where the girl was plying her trade. Love followed.



SIN WAS HER MIDDLE NAME! . . . ONCE THE TOAST

OF THE TOWN — THE PLEASURE TOY OF PRINCES —

THE DARLING OF THE THRILL-SEEKING RICH, RENEE

COULD NOT BELIEVE THAT SHE WAS HEADED FOR

THE JUNK HEAP TO WHICH ALL OF HER KIND ARE

SOON CONSIGNED! SHE WAS THE EXCEPTION!

MISTRESS — It was
springtime when Leon met
the broken-down beauty.
She soon was his mistress.



pened to look out of her window on the street, and there he was on the pavement being assisted by a fair young man to load it into a taxi. He got in, and the taxi went off towards Massena Place.

Robert was seen in the apartment house October 6th, and thereafter no more. That day, he must have removed his clothes for he left with a bundle under his arm.

"AS the weeks rolled on, there was occasional comment as to the length of visit Madame Arbel

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

was making wherever she had gone, but, her absence did not appear to make any difference. Only Monsieur Leon was worried. But as he had no wish to make any public inquiry, he kept his own counsel. The person who really was worrying was the janitress, Madame Leon, no relative. She had not bothered about October 1st. Madame Arbel had so far always been prompt in paying the rent, but when November 1st arrived and no word from the absentees, she got alarmed.

And on November 9th, further

cause was added to her apprehensions. She went up to try the door of the apartment and found it unlocked.

She went post haste to Monsieur Boupat, Commissaire of the Third district.

"It looks to me like there's been a burglary," she said.

"Where is this Madame Arbel?" he asked.

"I wish I knew," she answered unhappily.

Boupat went to the apartment and gave it a cursory inspection.

"There has certainly been someone here, but I see no great evidence of a burglary."

Boupat tried the bedroom door, then taken by a sudden thought, he bent down and sniffed at the keyhole.

"It's locked, but there's no odor here. Madame Arbel is not behind this door; that is one sure thing. We must look for her elsewhere."

Boupat saw Madame Ricard and heard what she had to say.

"We'll try Lyons and Paris. They may get us some information."

But inquiries sent to these and many other probable places went unanswered, and on December 9th, the law moved in force. Chief of Police Curty, Boupat and a magistrate Vachier went to the Arbel apartment and opened the closed door. The bedroom was in a state of upset; clothes were dragged from drawers and closet. In one corner, lay a crumpled sheet with a bloodstain, a mere spot. But most significant discovery of all was a slop bucket with a cover. Lying in it was a bloodstained cord and a tuft of chestnut gold hair, identified by Madame Ricard as coming from Madame Arbel's touched up locks.

Poking about, Boupat and Inspector Conso made an almost simultaneous and valuable contribution to clues. Under a bureau was a rolled up telegram—"Robert Engender, care Arbel, 14 Felix-Faure Avenue, Nice. Gabrielle seriously sick. Please come, Jeanne." It had been sent from a little place called Viviers, the end of September.

"We had better get hold of this Engender," said Boupat grimly. "If there's anyone who knows where Madame Arbel is, he ought to. It's my opinion that she went out of this apartment in that trunk."

The Chief of Police snapped his fingers.

"Sapristi! Engender. I know that name. The fellow we have in the Pasteur hospital, the man we picked up on that Versini shooting case. He can't get very far with a bullet through his knee."

"Engender? Of course," said Boupat with a grimace of chagrin. "Of course. I booked him myself. Now I see light. Those keys we found in his room must belong to this apartment. And those receipts for the

(Continued on page 63)

WHY THE

GOOD WIFE

LEFT HOME!

By CLYDE CUMMINGS



SYMPATHY "I'm sorry, kid," Kate told her sister. "He treats you like a dog; he doesn't deserve a swell wife like you! He isn't good enough for you."

All photos used in this story were specially posed by BEST TRUE FACT DIRECTIVE by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

GARLANDED with seaweed and pummeled by the tides onto the rocks jutting out from the beach, the woman's body rolled rhythmically in the water at the sand's edge, while the waves came pounding in and then washing back to sea.

It was shortly before ten o'clock on Sunday morning. The Ocean Point Beach near Boothbay Harbor, Maine, where thousands of people visited in the summer, was virtually devoid of life.

A woman inhabitant of one of the few scattered all-year homes came out on the back porch to hang out some wash. On the beach below her, Dick Wellner was taking his morning constitutional. Tide was at low ebb, and he trotted on the sands, breathing deeply of the tangy air. Otherwise, the resort appeared as desolate as the shores of an uninhabited island.

Then the woman shrieked. Wellner looked up quickly, and saw her pointing into the lacy surf. "It's a body!" she cried. Wellner raced off toward the spot she was pointing at, near the ocean's edge.

Suddenly he stopped. With horrible fascination he regarded the figure. The flesh was darkened, from immersion, he judged; but the face was worse to behold than the puffed-

Sheriff Harvey Sprague. "She fits the description of the missing wife."

Sprague hauled out a missing persons' report made the previous day, and read it aloud.

"Dolda Brewer, age 35, five-feet five, 120 pounds, auburn hair; when last seen wore coat, sweater, dark blue slacks, overshoes and gloves. Disappeared from home between 5:00 and 6:00 p.m. Reported by husband, Reuben Brewer, Ocean Point."

"Check," said Greenleaf. "Every detail, with the exception of the coat."

"I'm going out to notify Brewer," the sheriff said. "You give Doc Gregory a buzz. We have a job for him."

REBUEN BREWER was in his garage when the sheriff's car skidded to a stop in the yard.

"We've found your wife," Greenleaf announced.

"Found her? Where?" Brewer couldn't keep the excitement out of his voice.

Brewer made no sign, but the pipe stem was clenched tightly between his teeth, and he puffed furiously. A hint of tears glistened in his eyes. Dolda and he had spent many years of married life together. Despite their differences, they had

NOBODY WAS LOOKING... HE HAD MADE

CERTAIN OF THAT... QUICKLY, HE SLIPPED THE

SLENDER, SUPERBLY FORMED BODY OF THE

WOMAN INTO THE INKY WATER—AND CHUCKLED

AS THE OCEAN SUCKED HER DOWN...DOWN...DOWN!

up body. It was positively ghastly. The features were black and spongy. From being smashed against the rugged rocks, they had become mutilated almost beyond recognition.

As the woman came up, Wellner broke away to summon police. The gruesome carcass was bundled off quickly to Hutchinson Undertaking Parlor in Boothbay Harbor.

Sheriff Arthur A. Greenleaf of Lincoln County was certain that the task of identification would not prove difficult, despite the battered condition of the corpse.

"Remember the fellow who called in last night?" he reminded Deputy

been as happy as most. And to suddenly realize that a loved one has been torn away. . . .

"One thing, however," Greenleaf began, "puzzles me. She had no coat on when we found her. Nor did we see a coat."

"I just found her coat, hanging on the pier," Brewer said.

Greenleaf considered a moment. "Where is the coat now?"

"In the house. Want to look at it?"

"I'd like to."

The sheriff followed inside the house. The coat lay on a chair in the kitchen. Greenleaf inspected it.

The scene of this murder is OCEAN POINT BEACH, MAINE.

It was dry. This was confusing!

"Is this where you wife slept?" he nodded toward the couch.

"Nope. I sleep here. Dolda's bedroom is upstairs."

Greenleaf followed him up the stairs to a small bedroom on the second floor.

"Here's where I last saw her," Brewer reported with a vague wave of his hand. "It looks like she pulled out in a hurry."

He was right. The bedroom was disordered, with clothing strewn indiscriminately about the floor. The bed had not been made up and the impression on the covers showed that only one person had slept on it. An alarm clock stood on a small stand near the bed; under it lay a folded sheet of white paper.

Sheriff Greenleaf picked it up. It was a note, scribbled in pencil.

His attitude of indifference dropped away as he read the scrawled message. With lips tightened, he looked speculatively at the lobsterman. "Did you go over this room when you learned your wife wasn't at home?" he demanded sharply.

"No," Brewer said. "I didn't bother with it. I just figured—"

"No matter what you figured. This is a note from your wife."

Brewer displayed interest. "What does she say?"

"My dearest Sis Kate," Greenleaf read. "Do not feel sorry for what I have done. If it is possible, I would like to be buried near Dear Mother. Do not blame Reubin. I am terribly unhappy and do not care to live any longer. Love, Sis Dot."

"I would like to have you have my fur coat and other things if you wish, and mother's bracelet and Nick's watch are in Safe Deposit."

"My gosh!" Brewer was wide-eyed with amazement. "I never thought that . . . do you suppose she . . . ?"

"It looks like she committed suicide, according to this letter," the sheriff said grimly. He turned the missive in his hand. "Who's Kate?"

"She's Dolda's sister."

"How about Nick?"

"Her brother."

"She probably jumped from the . . ." Greenleaf mused, but stopped out of consideration for the bereaved husband.

"I'll see you later, Brewer," the sheriff said. "Just stick around the house, in case we want you."

Greenleaf strode rapidly to his car, and drove to his office. In response to Sprague's telephone call, Dr. George A. Gregory, the Lincoln County medical examiner, had arrived in Boothbay Harbor and had already performed an autopsy.

The sheriff acquainted the medical examiner with the suicide note and told the man what he knew of the case.

Gregory shook his head. "The woman didn't commit suicide," he said. "She was murdered!"

Greenleaf shook his head like a fighter recovering from a powerful blow. "You're sure?"

The doctor nodded. "Positive! Rigor mortis had already set in when the body was found. There's a heavy bruise on her scalp, and her face is badly battered. But the final proof is the fact that there was no water in her lungs. She was dead before being thrown in the water."

"If she was thrown in," the sheriff said significantly. "Her sweater and

skull as well. There are no broken bones, and under her hair, the skin is whole."

"And how long would you say she has been dead?"

"Twelve hours; maybe fourteen."

Greenleaf did some mental figuring. If the doctor's findings were correct, Dolda Brewer had met death sometime between eight and ten o'clock in the evening. She had been last seen by her husband, some two or three hours before. During that



SURLY — Many a time, Kate had watched Reuben stalk off to work, glum and silent, after a nasty quarrel with Dolda. They always fought.



GOOD WIFE — Reuben and his wife had their quarrels, but they did not seem to go beyond those of any other hard-working married couple.

hair weren't wet, remember."

Gregory shrugged. "That's your problem. Of course, the sun could have dried out the hair and sweater after she was washed up on the beach. In my estimation, that point isn't particularly significant. But the lack of water in the lungs is."

"And those injuries certainly weren't self-inflicted. Picture, if you can, a woman bashing herself on the head and face."

"What would you say caused them?"

"She was probably struck on the head with a flat instrument of some kind. Her nose is swollen, and her left eye black and blue. The upper lip is bruised and there's a deep cut on the lower one. She was pretty badly beaten up."

"Maybe," Greenleaf suggested hopefully, "all that happened when she jumped off the pier."

The doctor laughed shortly. "A jump like that would have not only broken her neck, but fractured her

interim, she had penned the suicide note and . . .

"Wait a minute!" the sheriff was struck by a sudden thought. "If the woman was murdered, then who wrote that note?"

"Perhaps you should have another talk with the husband," Gregory suggested. "I'll go along with you," he added.

THEY found the fisherman at home. Brewer was seated in the kitchen, staring vacantly at a blank wall, apparently overcome with grief. He greeted the officers listlessly.

"I want you to tell me everything, Brewer," the sheriff said quietly. "Everything you can think of, from the time you last saw your wife until you found the coat on the pier."

The big fisherman shrugged. "There isn't much to tell," he said slowly. "Like I said, I saw her about five o'clock, but she was sleep-

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

ing, and I didn't want to disturb her. I started to fix my own supper, but there wasn't any coffee so I drove to East Boothbay to get some. When I got back about six, she was gone."

"What did you do then?"

"Why, I called your office, sheriff?"

"I mean after that."

"I had my supper and I went to bed."

"And you didn't see your wife or hear anything during all that time?"

"I did hear noises," Brewer said reflectively. "Sometime along toward morning, it was. They woke me, but when I listened awhile and didn't hear them again, I figured it was a couple of cats, and I went back to sleep."

"Then you don't actually know when she disappeared?"

"No. I slept on the couch here. I got up about five o'clock and went out to look at my lobster pots. Joe Ward and Pat Sellers stopped in for a drink. About eight o'clock, when my wife still hadn't come down, I went to her room. She wasn't there so I went out on the pier. I found her coat. Then you came down here."

"I don't understand the coat business," Greenleaf said puzzledly. "She was completely dressed except for the coat, when we found her."

"It's evident that she intended to leave," Gregory remarked. "Maybe someone saw her, and . . ."

"That still doesn't explain the suicide note," the sheriff objected. "I'm particularly interested in that right now."

The following morning, Sheriff Greenleaf drove to Wiscasset, the country seat, and presented the contradictory facts to County Attorney Weston M. Hilton.

"I've known Reuben Brewer for some time," he concluded. "Offhand things don't look so good, what with his wife and all. But I honestly don't think the quarrels amounted to much. You know how fishermen are—rough and ready and maybe a little loud when things don't go the way they ought to."

"But Dolda Brewer was a good wife, and Reuben knew it. He doesn't have enough education to keep books on his lobster business, for example, and he depended on Dolda for that. Certainly she was more of an asset than a liability."

"What sort of reputation has Brewer?" Hilton asked cautiously.

"The best in town. Everyone will

vouch for his honesty, a good man."

"We've got that note," Hilton mused. "I'm interested in knowing if Mrs. Brewer wrote it; and if not, who did. Suppose we have it photographed, along with other samples of her handwriting, and send the whole works to an expert for comparison. Then we'll know where we stand."

State experts returned the two handwriting specimens with the blunt statement that the dead woman had written both!

That knocked the murder theory into a cocked hat. But Dr. Gregory refused to back down on his diagnosis. Dolda Brewer, he insisted, had not taken her own life. She had been murdered! Yet experts declared that she had written the suicide note herself.

* * *

ON April 26th, the baffled sheriff turned to the state for aid. Attorney General Clyde R. Chapman immediately assigned Frank Cooper, one of his homicide aides, to stick with the case until it was solved.

Detective Cooper wasted little time. With the suicide note in his pocket, he called on various friends of the family who had known Dolda Brewer for years. Among these was Milburn Lackey, a grocer.

Cooper had a dual purpose in questioning this man. It was in his store that Brewer said he had purchased his coffee after leaving the house on the fatal night. Lackey had been the Brewer's grocer for a number of years. Each week, Dolda had compiled lists of needed articles, in her own handwriting. The merchant, if anyone, should be familiar with her script.

The detective started the ball rolling. "Reuben Brewer tells me he was in here to buy coffee about six o'clock Saturday night," he said. "Do you remember seeing him?"

"That's right," Lackey answered. "Poor fellow, it was tough about his wife . . ."

"You saw her handwriting frequently, didn't you?" Cooper interrupted.

"Several times a week for years," Lackey answered. "I'd know it anywhere."

"Can you tell me if she wrote this?" He laid the suicide note on the counter.

The grocer pushed his glasses higher on his nose. "It's her writing," he decided. "I would recognize it even if her name wasn't signed at the bottom."

Detective Cooper was an alert young man with sharp eyes and black hair. He had a reputation that the craftiest criminal had been unable to sully, but never had he worked on a case quite like this one.

Here was a woman who stated frankly in a suicide note that she intended to take her life. Shortly afterwards, she was found dead.

A state police expert declared she herself had written the note. A grocer even more familiar with her handwriting, backed him up.

Yet the medical examiner said it was murder. Could he be wrong? It was two to one, with the odds against the doctor.

Cooper had no desire to spend useless hours trying to make a murderer out of a suicide. He decided on one more test.

Accompanied by Sheriff Greenleaf, he went to the home of Mrs. Keith Irvin.

Mrs. Irvin, a resident of New York with a summer home at Ocean Point, had been one of the dead woman's closest friends. They had corresponded continually during the winter months.

Cooper showed her the note. "Dolda Brewer never wrote this," the woman declared emphatically. "I'll swear to that on any witness stand!"

Cooper grimaced. "The grocer with whom she had dealt for years says it's her writing. And a state police expert agrees. Yours is the first opinion we've had to the contrary."

"It's my opinion and I'll stick to it," Mrs. Irvin insisted. "I'd know her handwriting anywhere."

The officers thanked her and left. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this or else," Cooper said as he pushed the starter of his car. "And I don't think it would hurt to take a look at the bedroom where the note was found."

In deference to Greenleaf's request, Brewer had not touched the room after the body of his wife was found. It was still disordered, but Coopers' trained eye immediately spotted little items that the sheriff had overlooked. The splintered metal candlestick, for example, which lay on the dresser; the beaded metal cord to which a blue ribbon had been attached, lying in the middle of the floor.

"Somebody grabbed this," Cooper said softly, "and jerked it right out of the light socket." His eyes lighted

(Continued on page 56)

THE BLOODY MERMAID ROSE FROM THE SEA TO CHALLENGE HER KILLER'S RIGHT

TO KILL! . . . THE GALLANT LADY REFUSED TO BE CUT DOWN IN THE PRIME OF HER

LIFE—AT THE PEAK OF BEAUTY . . . AND STAY DEAD WHILE HER MURDERER WAS FREE!

WARNING — "Don't you ever dare to breathe a word to the police!" Garnier warned his alluring mistress. "If you do—you'll die for certain!" And he would not go back on his word!

(Specials posed by professional models)



WITH ARMY DISCIPLINE.

GUERRILLA TECHNIQUE

AND JESSE JAMES'

DARING — THE BONNOT

GANG ATTACKED!

BEFORE THE BATTLE

WITH LAW AND ORDER

WAS DONE — THERE

WERE A MOUNTAIN OF

CORPSES ON EACH

SIDE... WITH

LADY GUILLOTINE

WAITING TO FINISH

THE JOB!

DECEMBER 21, 1911, is marked as a red letter day in the history of crime and detection. On this day, the automobile for the first time became one of the most powerful instruments of the underworld in its war against society. Its use as a weapon of offense and a means of almost certain getaway was introduced by the band of public enemies to become known to the Paris police as the infamous Bonnot gang of motor bandits.

For nearly a year, this collection of desperadoes had been carrying on a petty warfare of burglary in the city and its surroundings, but now only a few days before the date when the French version of Santa Claus lays gifts in the shoes of French boys and girls, the band became one with the brotherhood of Cain!

In the Northern part of Paris, back of the heights of Montmartre, is a section populated with hard-working artisans and small storekeepers, packed close in shabby tenement houses. It contains an extensive freight station and yards, gas houses and some factories. One of its main streets is Ordener Street, with a few good buildings, a Church, the office of the Mayor of the district, and at number 142, the branch office of the Bank of the Societe Generale.

There was a nasty drizzle of rain falling, and housewives doing their morning marketing were too anxious to get through to pay much attention to a green and black sedan which had been standing for almost an hour at number 148, just about fifteen yards from the entrance to the bank.

Suddenly, the driver, a cap drawn down over his face, started his en-

gine. Through a speaking tube, he said something to those inside the car who had the curtains down.

A man had just stepped off the street car at the corner of Darnemont Street. He was middle-aged, with a military bearing. He had on a blue uniform with a three-cornered hat. His name was Ernest Cabby, messenger for the Societe Generale; he was carrying bank funds just procured at the head office. In his left hand, he held a leather bag fastened to him with a steel chain. It contained 318,000 francs in securities. He carried in his right hand a canvas bag with a little over five thousand francs in cash, and he had twenty thousand in bills in an inside pocket.

Cabby was joined by a younger man who had been waiting to escort him to the bank branch. This was Peemans. Neither of the two men had any warning that death waited their coming. They walked slowly towards the bank. The car slid forward stealthily to meet them.

It stopped. A door opened. Two men stepped out, deliberately. They had their hands in their pockets. They confronted Cabby, who made a movement to step out of their way. Then, without warning, one of the pair, wearing a derby hat with a flat brim, snapped an order to stand still. With his left hand, he drew a revolver and fired point blank at Cabby's chest.

The messenger sank to his knees. The gangster shot him again—this time in the back, while his companion snatched at the bags. Cabby, though wounded near to death, held tight, but it was no use. The leather ripped from the chain. The two men seized the bag and the canvas bag. The money in the inside pocket was

By LUTHER ROBBINS

SCARLET SINS of the VICE LORDS OF PARIS!

untouched. No time for that!

So swiftly was the whole affair conducted that Peemans, petrified into inaction, had not moved. Now he began to shout for help. But it was too late. The bandits were back in the car, while a third man who had been standing guard with a revolver in each hand, sprang in after them, closed the door and leaned out menacingly.

The car jerked forward while bystanders were still gaping. A teamster backing a wagon up to the sidewalk tried to start his team forward to block the way. There was a spatter of shots, and he ducked, as did those around him. And in less time than it takes to describe the escape, the bandit car was gone, swallowed up in the traffic of the city.

Caby was picked up and carried into a drug store. From there, an ambulance rushed him to the nearest hospital, though there was small hope for his life.

No one appeared to have noted the number of the car, but its description was telephoned around at once. Orders were given to stop and examine all cars leaving the city at the local customs stations. The city of Paris collects a small duty on produce, wine, etc., brought into the city, and officers are on duty at every entrance. But it was very soon plain to the police that the car had escaped without challenge at any of the barriers, before the warning was issued.

THE story of the crime was blazoned in the headlines of the noon-day papers. Orders were issued to get the gang at any cost. But they had vanished into thin air.

Next morning the police of Dieppe, one of the main ports for crossing the Channel to England, reported that they had found a car a 10 to 14 H. P. Delaunay-Belleville, 1910, answering to the description of the bandits' car abandoned near the seafarers' Casino. It contained tools and some empty gas cans.

A witness had seen four or five men working on it, at half past nine at night, but he had been in too big a hurry to get out of the rain to stop and investigate more closely.

Ownership of the car was traced back to a garage keeper, Normand, of the Paris suburb of Boulogne, who had reported its theft on December 13th.

Xavier Guichard, Chief of the Paris Detective Department, found a number of eye-witnesses of the hold-up, but as is always the case, varying stories were told. But as far as could be learned, the man who shot Caby was a short, stocky, swarthy fellow.

Since the car had been found near one of the main routes to England, the police advanced the theory that the bandits might have crossed the Channel to dispose of the securities

in London. Scotland Yard cooperated by keeping a sharp eye on all known fences, but nothing came of this.

Within a few days of the outrage, the first clue came to headquarters. It was reported by an observant citizen that a car such as described had been standing in the garage of a neighbor, by the name of Detweiler, from December 13th to 20th.

The police visited this mechanic and asked him to supply them with information on the matter. Detweiler told a number of stories, but boiled down, they came to this—On December 13th, four unknown men left the car in question at his garage. They came back later, paid the charges and went off. He could not recall what they looked like. Nor could any inducement stir his memory to activity.

So when the police left, with them went Detweiler, his wife and another woman, whom the couple were boarding. The woman was taken to headquarters because her connections were suspect. Her husband, it appeared, was a Belgian, Edward Carouy, who had a police record. He had been living in the house until recently.

The police were all the more eager to gather in the band since they now had a strong suspicion that they were well armed. On December 23rd, two days after the shooting of Caby, a gun store in Lafayette Street was burglarized, and eight thousand francs worth of weapons and ammunition taken.

This feat was repeated on January 8th, of the new year, 1912, when the Paris branch of Smith and Wesson suffered. The thieves took a number of Winchester rifles, automatics and revolvers with ammunition enough to equip them for any battle.

But a few days before this exploit, the police came across traces of the missing Carouy.

On January 3rd, neighbors reported that no one had answered

the door in the house of a very old gentleman named Moreau, living in Church Street, Thiais, a suburb of Paris. The police broke in and found a scene of death and destruction. The rooms had been ransacked, closets and bureaus had been opened, and clothes and contents were strewn all over the place. Evidently, someone had made a thorough search for valuables.

Stabbed in a dozen places, Moreau lay dead in his bedroom. His housekeeper, Madame Arfeux, had been strangled to death with a towel.

Many thousands of francs had been taken from a desk, but the thieves had left their signatures everywhere in the shape of footprints and fingerprints. Among them were those of Carouy. The others belonged to a criminal named Metge. Their pictures were identified as those of two men who had asked the way to Moreau's house.

On this day someone, with a grudge against Jules Bonnot, chauffeur and automobile mechanic, reported anonymously to the police that this man was the driver of the death car. Witnesses of the hold-up identified his picture.

A collection of photographs of Bonnot's friends and companions was shown to Caby in the hospital where he was recovering from his wounds, and from the lot he picked out as the man who shot him, Octave Garnier on police records listed as a dangerous criminal.

THE police had a suspicion that the gang had had its birth in the offices of a small newspaper—Anarchy. The general manager was a tiny but attractive woman, Madame Maitrejean, whose husband was serving a prison term as a coiner. She was not without consolation. A dreamy, rather handsome fellow, Kilbatchie was her lover.

The offices were raided, but nothing of importance was found; nor

was there a sign of anything criminal.

Weeks passed; then on February 28th, the gang reappeared, bolder than ever. Some of its members stole a car belonging to a storekeeper, Buisson, in the Saint Mande district. At eight o'clock that night, this powerful car was driven recklessly down a narrow, hilly street into the wide space lying in front of St. Lazare station. There it grazed a pedestrian, and in trying to get away was blocked by a bus. It then tried to pass on the wrong side.

Seeing this, a traffic officer on duty, Garnier, went forward and asked the names of the driver and his four passengers. The men in the car did not answer, and thinking they might be foreigners who did not understand what he said, Garnier motioned to them to drive to the curb.

Just then, the bus moved. The driver started the car. Garnier leaped on the running board and made a grab at the wheel. It was a fatal move. One of the passengers shot him three times, and he slid off.

The car then shot ahead, and before the extent of the tragedy was realized, it was well out of sight. The three policemen who came running commandeered a car and took up the chase, but lost the trail.

A description of the car, furnished by the owner, was sent out far and wide but too late to prevent it from leaving the city.

The mob must have travelled fast for at three in the morning it had reached the town of Pontoise. Its occupants drew up in front of the house of a lawyer, Tintant, tried to open the door with skeleton keys and failed. Then they climbed into the yard, jimmied a side door, and in the office set to work on the safe.

Madame Tintant heard the noise, softly awakened her husband who got his revolver and tiptoed to the window. He saw the parked car.

The lawyer saw a baker's apprentice whom he knew, going home from the night's baking and called to him to peep through the glass door of the office and see if there was anyone inside.

The boy rashly obeyed. There was a shot. He ducked and ran, yelling "Thieves!" Tintant fired into the air to summon help. At the sound, three men popped out of the office door and into the car. Tintant fired at them, and there was an answering volley from the car as it drove away.

Next day, the car was found abandoned, on fire, damaged beyond repair

FROM information received, which is a polite expression used by the police when someone makes a squeal, a decision was made to arrest Deboe, a printer, on the Anarchy press.

He was picked up at the house of Dieudonne, a young fellow of twenty-eight, with round eyes and curling moustache, who with his wife, Louise, was known to frequent the offices of the newspapers. Dieudonne protested he had only a passing acquaintance with the crowd, but was popped into prison nevertheless.

It is said that Deboe was scared into talking. Anyway, in the first days of March, the police had a pretty complete picture of the chief members of the gang. The brains was Callemmin—small, with blinking eyes. The active leaders were Garnier and Bonnot the driver, the ostensible commander. Then came Souidy with a pale, pasty face and long ears who used a rifle; the thick-set, black-mouthed ruffian Carouy; Metge with olive skin and sharp nose; Rodriguez—tall, thin animated; Belonie, these were only a few of a well-organized regiment of crime.

After the robbery of Caby, Callemmin and Deboe went to Amster-

dam to try to dispose of the bearer bonds but failed, and left the bonds there. Bonnot then sent Belonie to get them. Belonie picked them up and passing through Lille, picked up Rodriguez and brought him to Paris. There they sold part of the bond booty through a fence, a young man of good family who had fallen into crooked ways, Crozat Fleury. The remainder was stowed away in the baggage room of the Northern Station, and there Belonie and Rodriguez were arrested on March 10th, just as they were taking the package out. Crozat Fleury was also arrested at this time. Bonds stolen from the murdered Moreau had been traced to him when he sold them.

The police were now convinced they knew the actual perpetrators of the shooting of Caby. Bonnot had been driving, with Callemmin grabbing the bags. Valet had been in the car, and Garnier had stopped Peemans. Dieudonne had shot Caby, for the messenger had gone back on his first identification of Garnier.

But when this appeared in the press, Guichard, head of the Detective Department, received an immediate contradiction. Garnier himself wrote a letter, with his thumbprint as proof of identification. He stated that he himself had shot both Caby and Officer Garnier, that he and his buddies were well-armed and that they were prepared to sell their lives dearly.

And as proof of their vitality, they struck once more!

AT eight a.m., the morning of March 25th, Mathille, eighteen year-old chauffeur for Monsieur de Rouge, wealthy estate owner, was driving a new 40 HP De Dion which had just been delivered. With him was Cerisoles, expert mechanic of the factory. The two were on their way to Fontainebleau and had just entered one of the lonely avenues of the Forest of Senart when the driver stopped abruptly

CHARGE! The instant the blast went off, the police en masse charged into the remains of the building in search of M. Bonnot.



SHELL — This is a rear view of the remaining shell of the garage after the explosion had taken place. It was almost completely demolished.



OLD TRICK — The peasant farmer drove his hay wagon up to the garage building, using the wagon as a shield for the officer who placed the stick of dynamite at the door of the garage. The first attempt failed!



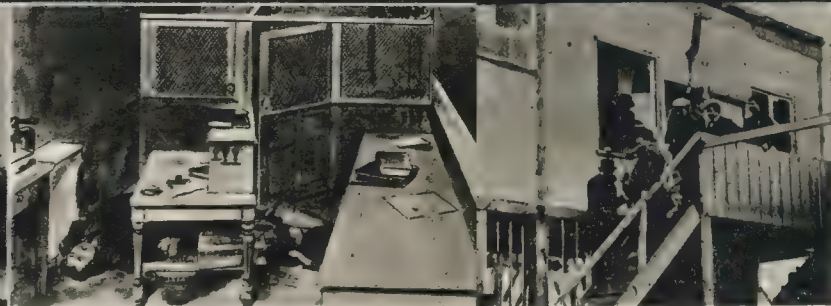
RAIDED BANK — The bank at Chantilly that the mobsters held up. Crowd outside watches the police reconstruct the robbery and the shootings. Of the many witnesses to the crime, none told stories that resembled any others told.



BLAST — Actual photo of the dynamite charge going off and shattering the front of the garage-fortress to bits. When the police entered the building, they were amazed to find Dubois stiff and cold. Bonnot alone had been holding the fort for hours.

DOUBLE MURDER! — A police sketch of the interior of the Chantilly bank showing the positions in which the bodies of the dead cashier, Trinquier (left) and the clerk, Guilbert, (right) were found resting.

DEAD! — The monster is subdued at last! Police are carrying the remains of Bonnot's body from the dynamited garage. It was a hard fight!



Stretched across the road was a measuring tape held by two men, apparently surveyors. Another man stood watching them. Out of a forersters hut stepped two men. One of them gave a sharp order to the chauffeur to get out of the car.

Mathille thought it was a joke and laughed, but the laugh was cut short by two reports. He toppled back, with two bullets in his abdomen. Cerisoles tried to start the car. There was a blast of lead, and he scrambled out and lay still, faking death. He saw the gang drag the dead chauffeur out and throw him in the bushes. Then Bonnot, identified later, took the wheel, and the others piled in. Cerisoles was left with four wounds in his body, groaning in agony.

The car made for Chantilly, a pretty spot, twenty miles out of Paris, famous for its castle and race track.

At ten-fifteen exactly, the car stopped in front of the Chantilly branch of the Societe Generale. Bonnot remained at the wheel while his five passengers leapt out. The one with the rifle was Soudy who stationed himself at the street corner. Callemmin, Garnier, Valet, an unnamed member of the gang, and Monnier rushed into the bank.

The gangsters did not stop to make demands, but fired at once. The cashier, Trinquier, and Legendre, teller, fell dead. A clerk, Guilbert, as he reached for a weapon had his shoulder punctured. Another by some miracle escaped the leaden storm and crawled out by a side door.

Inside the cage, Callemmin, assisted by Monnier, was packing up gold and bills. The booty was close to fifty thousand francs.

Outside, Bonnot had his car turned towards Paris. By now, the shooting within the bank had caused alarm. People were running. Suddenly,

Soudy firing from the hip stopped them short. Calmly, he slipped in another magazine and held them, as the four inside came out and got into the car. Then once more he sprayed the crowd before he himself jumped into the car. The car leapt forward. There was a spatter of pursuing shots, and they were out of sight.

The car was found that night, deserted in a lonely street in the suburb of Asnieres, but of the gang there was no trace.

Public opinion by now was at boiling point. The police must get the criminals!

And as if they were not sufficiently harassed by jibes and sneers, by official reproach, the police were further taunted by Garnier who wrote a letter saying how much he and his companions were enjoying Paris. He warned Guichard and his assistant-Chief Jouin that the reign of terror was only beginning.

Under orders from the Minister of the Interior, Lapine, Prefect of Police, Paris, and head of the whole system, organized a campaign. It began to show results.

The offices of Anarchy were again raided. The police alleged they found some of the stolen weapons as well as other goods and gathered in Kilbatches and his lady friend, Madame Maitrejean.

Jouin, with two men, got on the track of Soudy and trailed him to the town of Amiens. They found him on March 30th. The consumptive Soudy was just stepping aboard a train when Jouin grabbed him by the elbows and threw him on his back. In an instant, Soudy was handcuffed. He was carrying one of the stolen automatics and a vial of poison.

On April 3rd, the swaggering Carouy was traced to a cheap hotel in the tough district of Belleville and arrested without any fuss. An

attempt to commit suicide in his cell was checked in time.

Callemmin was caught on April 7th. He was coming out of a lodging he occupied with a friend named Jourdan, 46 Tour d'Auvergne Street. He was just getting ready to ride away on his bicycle when the police pounced. It was fortunate that they gave him no chance to defend himself, for he was well-armed with three automatics and several filled magazines, fifty-nine cartridges in all!

Sewn into a belt were 5300 francs. On April 24th, Monnier was picked up. He was in bed in a small hotel in Lozieres, a little place thirteen miles out of the city when Jouin and two of his men walked in on him and snapped an order to throw up his hands. Monnier reached below his pillow, and then thought better of it.

He looked sullenly at the Assistant Chief of Detectives.

"Are you this Jouin?" he asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"You're good, you are, Jouin. I don't mind you getting me. Only don't think if you hadn't caught me dozing there wouldn't have been some bloodshed."

"No doubt, Monnier," said Jouin carelessly. "But I take my precautions. A dead policeman isn't much use."

These were sadly prophetic words by nightfall.

ON the afternoon of this same day, Jouin went with Chief Inspector Robert, Detectives Colmar and Sevestre to make inquiries in the Ivory district of a certain Gauzy, suspected of sheltering members of the Bonnot gang, for by this time the gang had been so labelled.

They found the place, a junk and old clothes store, with rooms above. Gauzy was busy in a workshop at the back when the police came in.

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

THE GALS THOUGHT THEY WERE HEADED FOR A BED OF ROSES WHEN THEY BECAME MOLLS AND MISTRESSES OF THE BONNOT GANG . . . BUT BETWEEN THEIR VIOLENT LOVERS AND THE HOUNDING OF THE POLICE — THEY SUFFERED THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED! THEY WERE VIRTUAL PRISONERS OF LOVE!

"You had a man Monnier staying with you a few days back," said Jouin.

"Never heard of him."

"Here's his picture."

"Oh, that fellow. I had him working for me, but I fired him. No good."

"Have you anyone working with you in his place?"

"No. I can't afford help. Times are too hard in the junk business."

"Anybody upstairs?"

"Not a soul. I live down here myself."

Jouin stood listening. He could hear nothing above him.

"Anything you say," said Gauzy lightly. "I'll go up and open the door." He led the way up the narrow wooden stair, unlocked the door at the head of it, and stepped back to go down again, but Inspector Robert blocked him.

"You stand here, and no tricks!"

Jouin peered into the darkened room with its closed shutters. He took a firmer hold of his heavy cane and stepped resolutely in, and as he did so, something leapt, like an animal, upon him from the darkness. Jouin hurled his assailant back. He caught the glint of a gun as from the bandit came a stream of curses. Then Colmar was by his side, and in unison they sprang forward and seized the man who had been hiding.

The unknown man fought desperately, kicking and striking. He managed to trip up both detectives and pulled open the shutters. Jouin was still breathing. Robert then looked at him, then at the motionless body of the man who had been in the room. He started back with an exclamation—Bonnot. He thought the bandit was dead, he lay so still, so he turned his attention to Colmar who was bleeding from a stomach wound. He tried to staunch it, then ran down to bring up the detective who had been stationed outside.

Robert was gone only a moment or two, but when he came back he stared aghast. The body of Bonnot was gone! The blood on his body had

come from Jouin. He had apparently been unscathed by the fight, feigned death and when Robert left the room, climbed out of a window, onto the workshop roof and out through an adjoining house. This turned out to be the case; he had terrorized a woman next door into silence and escaped.

This latest outrage did something which ought to have been done long before. Extraordinary as it may seem, on these raids detectives had carried no firearms. Now the order was given to meet force with force, bullets with bullets. Automobiles, rifles and revolvers were provided for the police. They were to show no mercy. They were to kill on sight, if need be.

The search for Bonnot was pursued with the utmost vigor.

Word came by a roundabout channel to Guichard that Bonnot might (Continued on page 51)



(Specially posed by professional model.)

The scene of this true crime story is NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS.

PASSION BLAZED A TRAIL FOR MURDER!

By KEN GEORGE

FOLLOWING a four-year enlistment in the army, William C. Howard packed up and went back home to Tennessee. Tall, square-shouldered, black-haired and handsome, Howard had a soft drawl but a hard outlook on life, with a temper like dynamite, and he was just as dangerous, as his acquaintances soon found out!

Back at Fort Rodman in New Bedford, Massachusetts, he had scoffed at his army buddies' pretensions to toughness. He bragged about his own virility.

"Down where I come from," he used to tell them, "babies cut their teeth on six-guns."

Now, back in the Smoky Mountain country, Howard was finding it extremely difficult to settle down. Marriage to vivacious, quick-tempered Ida Williams, belle of the town, didn't help any. In proof that "they all look good when they're far away" the Tennessee enchantment, lent by distance when he was in New Bedford, seemed to have dis-

sipated, and the army life in far-away New Bedford was calling him back again. The call became irresistible.

"Listen, honey," Howard said one day to his pretty wife. "I'm going to re-enlist. We're going back to Massachusetts."

Now there were some decisions by Howard that might have brought the fire flashing from quick-tempered Ida's eyes, but this particular one was all right with her. The idea of travel and the prospect of seeing new places was enticing. So she protested only faintly when Howard told her additionally:

"Now, honey, the army's got a rule that married men can't sign up as privates. When we get back to New Bedford, we've got to pretend you're my sister."

Ida readily agreed, and they went north to Fort Rodman, where Howard re-enlisted and donned the army uniform for a second hitch. This new life was a wonderfully exciting change for Ida, despite the awk-

WHEN A MAN GETS INVOLVED IN A WEB OF ILLICIT

LOVES — TOO OFTEN HE FINDS THAT MURDER IS THE

ONLY WAY OUT OF AN EMBARRASSING SITUATION!

All photos used in this story were specially secured for **THE EAST TALENTED DETECTIVE** by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

ROYAL BATTLES — Ida was a hot tempered gal, not one to sit idly by and watch her husband philandering about with other women.

wardness of having to pose as her husband's sister. After some months, however, the fun of her new existence was tempered considerably by the discovery that her husband, posing as a single man with no stronger tie than a sister, with whom he lived when off duty, was often seen in the company of another woman.

Ida confronted him with what she had learned, and her words were hot

but he curbed his temper in the heat of the moment. And, now realizing what he had done, he felt he might as well go whole hog and tell all. He proceeded to do so. A man should be able to take his wife into his confidence and not make a mistake. Therefore, Howard convinced her that he wasn't a liar, but he was a murderer and a fairly successful one, having covered his tracks since three years earlier—1905—or, at any

At any rate, wearied in her role of being second woman, and smarting because Howard persisted in refusing to change her public status and acknowledge her as his wife, Ida finally did what her husband had claimed he was trying to prevent the other woman from doing. Ida angrily went to the police and told them that her husband had killed a man named Edward Dewhurst in Hazelwood Park, and that he had gotten away with it.

The police went through their files and found the dossier on Dewhurst. Dewhurst, a person of no great importance, had been a mill-hand. The lack of clues had side-tracked his murder into the limbo of unsolved crimes. But now, the police promptly arrested Howard. He made no comment when he was told that his wife had turned him in.

When Howard went on trial, he claimed self-defense in the killing. His story was that he had been making love in the park to the daughter of a prominent New Bedford family, when a man had come upon them from out of the night shadows and had menaced them with a pistol. Howard said he shot the man in the belief that his life and that of the girl's were in danger.

The investigation had disclosed that Dewhurst had been shot with a .38 caliber gun, but not the rusty old revolver found beside him. This gun couldn't have killed a mouse; above all, the firing pin was missing. Howard said his gun was a .38, and he had disposed of it after the murder. He branded Dewhurst as a malicious snooper who enjoyed spying on couples.

Howard's sweetheart corroborated his story. Further, the army also stood by him, and the result of it all was that he was acquitted. The packed courtroom grew tense as Howard turned and walked toward his wife who hadn't missed a day of the trial. Many knew that Howard wasn't the kind of a man who would forgive and forget that he had been put into a very tight spot. But while Ida watched him apprehensively and with a shade of fright, Howard, with a wide smile, embraced her and kissed her soundly.

"Honey," those nearby heard him say. "It's all over, and I'm glad. Now we can start from scratch."

And there it might have all rested, but it didn't. About a year later, Ida Howard's body was found floating in the little river which winds its picturesque way through New Bedford.

This time the authorities remembered the Dewhurst case and with the first entry in the river case—suicide by drowning—they were not satisfied. It was too much to expect that a young and pretty girl, even if she were an expectant mother, would drown herself—even if she had felt great remorse at having

(Continued on page 44)

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

LINE OF DUTY

Howard told his wife that his romancing with another woman was for the purpose of keeping the lady quiet.

MURDERED

The book was right! Howard tried to kill his wife according to the instructions in the book, and lo and behold, it worked!



THE CLEVER KILLER LOOKED FOR A FOOLPROOF

FORMULA FOR MURDER THAT WOULD LEAVE NO

CLUES BEHIND... HE WAS SURE HE HAD FOUND IT

— BUT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN PRISON — HE

CURSED THE DAY THE FORMULA WAS DEvised!

as her jealousy flared high. She wasn't going to stand for anything like that! But the facile tongue of Howard had a ready explanation.

"I've got to be nice to her, honey," he protested. "She's—well, she's got something on me."

"Just what do you mean by that?" Ida demanded.

"I mean—murder!" Howard snapped back, his temper flaring under the strain of the upbraiding. "She's seen me kill a man."

"You're a liar!" Ida shrieked.

By Howard's own oft-expressed standards, that was fighting talk, 30

rate, having left no tracks.

IF Howard had been as successful in reconciling his fiery wife to the continuance of his association with the other woman, all might have gone better than it did with them. But he continued his association with the woman, and as irate Ida took the view that he was deriving more pleasure from the friendship than was justified by the fact that he was trying to keep the lady's inviting lips sealed, perhaps this unhappy wife had her own good reasons.

All photos used in this story were specially posed for **TRUE FACT DETECTIVE** by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

DECISION—"I'm tired of this dull life, mother," Mabel said. "I'm going to try my luck in the big city!"

THE THRILL-SEEKING BEAUTY DANCED WITH DEATH!



By MEL SHANNON

PERHAPS when Mabel Matheson, as a girl of barely eighteen, left her little Cape Breton town in Nova Scotia for the States, she had—as most girls have—some vague dream that some day she would become a celebrity. It is not an unreasonable supposition.

Undoubtedly, though, nowhere in any such dream was there misgiving, however fleeting, that her status as a public figure would be attained only through bloody violence and at the cost of her own life. But such became the case, and only fourteen months after her departure from her Nova Scotia home.

It was in November of 1925 that Mabel Matheson left the settlement of Whycocomagh, a community of only 400 souls, located on Little Bras D'Or Lake, one of the stretches of water that divides the island.

In Inverness County, Whycocomagh is about fifty miles from Sydney and twenty-five miles from Port Hood on the eastern coast of the island, a hamlet offering little to a girl except farm life, early marriage and a procession of babies soon after.

There was to be none of that, however, for Mabel, the fun-loving daughter of a Whycocomagh farmer. She had friends who had preceded her to Boston and had written home of their office and factory jobs and their pay envelopes. This plus the fact that she had relatives in the States prompted Mabel—who was to become Maybelle—to leave her Cape Breton town and follow the trail of those others.

By Saturday, January 22, 1927, Mabel was front page news, but not because of her brilliant success story. Nor was she alive to read about herself and the furor attending her, or to object, as a girl might have objected, to the prying into her private affairs by unromantic officials.

On that Saturday in 1927, with musing ice on the ponds and slushy snow on the ground, three boys living in Baker Street, West Roxbury, were crossing a triangular-shaped field bordered by Spring, Baker and Gardner Streets, about seven o'clock in the morning, when they came upon what appeared to be a bundle of old clothes.

Approaching closer, however, the

three youngsters—Louis Jesseau, Roy Nickerson, and his brother, Earl—discovered that the supposed bundle was actually the body of a young girl whose coat had been pulled up about her head.

The boys said later that they were "scared stiff," and they ran to the Jesseau home with their news. Mrs. Jesseau telephoned the West Roxbury police station, commanded by Captain James Smith. With a group of officers, Captain Smith went to the scene. It was not long before officers of the homicide squad were hurrying out from police headquarters, trailed by Medical Examiner Timothy Leary.

Examination of the body revealed that the girl, as yet unidentified, had been killed by terrific blows on the head with some weapon that was threaded, perhaps a large bolt, and that she had been strangled so viciously that bones in her throat were broken. There were ridged marks in the head wounds that had fractured the skull, two wounds on the left side toward the rear and two on the forehead.

The body was sprawled in a heap. Under the blue cloth coat trimmed

This mysterious slaying occurred in WEST ROXBURY, MASSACHUSETTS.

BIG CITY LIGHTS . . . CATCHY DANCE MUSIC . . . THE PROMISE OF ROMANCE . . .

ALL THESE LURED THE THRILL-SEEKING BEAUTY TO A GORY, BLOODY DEATH!

with a gray fur collar and cuffs was a black apron, edged in yellow and adorned with blue-figured cretonne, which she wore at work. On her hand was a gray cloth glove hanging from the left hand, but the right was gloveless and had the spring chain of a wrist-watch hanging loosely from the wrist, though the watch was missing.

Later the watch, as well as the missing glove, came to light within a foot of each other, about fifty feet from where the body had been found. The glove was bloodstained. Later also, the girls red silk umbrella, which she had with her when leaving work at five-fifteen p.m. on Friday, was turned over to the authorities by Charles H. Nickerson of Hastings Street, West Roxbury, who had picked it up in the field about six-fifteen p.m. on Friday.

This, and a report by Miss Mary Hines of Baker Street that she had seen a red umbrella lying just off the path across the field at six-ten p.m. Friday, seemed to place the time of the murder between five-fifteen and six-ten.

Allowing time for the girl to reach the field from her place of employment, the Armstrong Knitting Mills at Center and JaGrange Streets, West Roxbury—between fifteen and twenty-five minutes—the death span narrowed down to approximately half an hour. The distance between the mills and the field was about a mile, not more than a mile and a quarter, and the time of her arrival at the field, used by many as a short cut to Baker Street, depended upon whether she had walked or had taken a trolley.

Before the throng of curious and morbid had become too great, Dr. Leary and the officers made a discovery that appeared significant, or that did not appear significant, according to the viewpoint.

From the path crossing the field to the spot where the body was found beside a clump of bushes, there were signs that the body had been carried, and that at least once it had been laid down in the thin film of snow, as if the carrier had to rest or get a new grip.

In this wide impression in the snow there were red stains, and from there to where the body lay sprawled there was evident a trail of uneven blood spots.

It was not, of course, until after identification that the time when the girl had left the factory could be known. Not long after the finding of the body, but after it had been removed to the Southern Mortuary, Mr. and Mrs. Angus MacRitchie, aunt and uncle of Maybelle Matheson, with whom she lived on Baker Street, noticed the crowd in the field.

Inquiry disclosed that a girl had been murdered there. Until then the MacRitchies had not placed importance on the absence of Maybelle 32

from home because she had often stayed over night at the home of some friend.

Now, however, Mrs. MacRitchie went to West Roxbury police station, where the description of the slain girl and the clothing she wore served but to strengthen the women's fear. A little later, at the morgue, she definitely identified the body of her niece.

For only six or seven weeks, said Mrs. MacRitchie, Maybelle had lived at the Baker Street address. Before that, she had lived in the Pine Hill section of Dedham.

Meanwhile, in the probe District Attorney William J. Foley had sent to augment the investigators Assistant District Attorney William C. McDonnell, Inspector Michael J. Morrissey, and Special Officer Martin Conway, as well as a draftsman.

Whether the girl had been accosted by a stranger in the triangular plot, hazy with the snow-fog of a January thaw, and then slain when she resisted his advances; whether the man was someone she knew who had persuaded her to step off the path with him and then had killed her in a frenzy of hate or passion, or whether she had been picked up in an automobile, slain and her body left in the field—these were all conjectures raised by police.

There were stories by several witnesses that a Ford car had stood at the curb in Baker Street, near the field, between five-thirty and six p.m. Evidence that lonely roads in the general area had been scenes of many noisy motor parties, petting and otherwise, came when various residents furnished the probers of such cars, jotted down from time to time.

These car owners had an embarrassing time of it while making explanations, and although they were cleared, it is safe to say they subsequently picked out different sporting places.

Then, sixteen-year-old Florence Massarelli of Commonwealth Avenue, Dedham, came forward to say that Maybelle had telephoned the Massarelli home, just before leaving work, with announcement that she would be there right after supper, as she wished to borrow a dress from Florence for a dance in Roxbury that night.

Florence, although she was a very intimate friend of Maybelle, said she could not explain the symbols on Maybelle's watch, apparently "M. M." and "A. M. L. '85" scratched with a pin or a knifeblade. But Florence did tell of a mysterious "Al" whom she and Maybelle had met one day, and with whom they had gone for a ride in his Moon car. He was supposed to live in Lawrence.

But Al did not live in Lawrence. A Hyde Park youth identified himself as the "Al" to the police and proved that he was no murderer—at least not Maybelle Matheson's.

**WHEN WILL THE DARK VEIL
OF MYSTERY THAT SUR-
ROUNDS THE SLAYING OF
THE DANGEROUSLY BEAU-
TIFUL BELLE BE LIFTED? ...
WHEN WILL THE MONSTER
WHO WAYLAID THE LOVE-
LY CREATURE AND BEAT
THE LIFE OUT OF HER
TEMPTING BODY BE LA-
BELED WITH THE MARK OF
CAIN? THE DAY COMES!**



BELLE When Maybelle came to town, she took it over. Her popularity with the local towns was something really phenomenal!

Police thought for a time that they had another good lead when Florence and other friends revealed that Maybelle, at Christmas time, had broken off her engagement with a Roxbury youth, ending an attachment begun as children in Cape Breton. Maybelle had given him back his ring.

But this lead shattered when the youth proved he had been at home at the time the murder had been committed.

The curious fact leaked out that, unknown to her uncle and aunt, Maybelle had been absent from work on an average of one day a week since just before Christmas. This was confirmed at the plant.

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

Then it was learned that on the day before the slaying she had been similarly absent from work and had spent the day in the home of a woman in Roxbury Street, Roxbury. But where—the probers naturally asked—had she been on most of her other workless days?

Meanwhile, Medical Examiner Leary, veteran of murder and pathology and reconstruction, said the slayer was a man taller than Maybelle, who was a tall girl. According to Leary, the killer was a man of average strength and was a man whom she knew and who, if he was not favored by her, he certainly was not feared or distrusted.

All circumstances indicated, Dr. Leary said, that she had not been attacked on the path but had voluntarily accompanied some person a few yards into the fog-shrouded field, away from the path—and there had suddenly been seized and her attempts to scream choked off.

The investigators considered it very strange and very significant that the man, or youth, who was to have taken Maybelle to the Bobby Burns dance at Mechanics hall on the murder night did not come forward. In the light of her activities of the past months, it was unthinkable that Maybelle should have planned to attend a function without a boy friend. Also, she had used the pronoun "we" when speaking over the phone regarding the dance that night.

Florence said Maybelle had not mentioned her prospective escort. In delving into her private letters and papers, detectives discovered that her escorts and her acquaintances were many and varied. There were countless letters from admirers, and soon almost all the young and able-bodied Nova Scotians living in Boston, and the habits of an outdoor spot in Boston's South End bearing the intriguing tag "Scotch Corner", became potential suspects.

THERE was one young man, living in the South End, who thus fell under suspicion—not when he was first questioned, but soon afterward.

Quite willingly this lad—call him Frank, which is not his real name—had surrendered letters written to him by Maybelle, and the officers were quite startled to discover that Maybelle was addressing him in warm words, indeed, even before breaking her reputed engagement to the Roxbury swain.

"My dear Honey," began one letter to Frank, under date of December 5, 1926. And a passage in the letter read:

"We have loads of snow here, and it's cold. I am darn near frozen. If we were only living in some cozy little flat, just you and I, oh, babe, we wouldn't mind the zero weather."

Frank apparently had a straight story, and he even furnished a possible lead. He accounted for his time on the murder date, and he had supporters for the alibi. Then he said that he had stayed all night at Maybelle's home on an occasion not long before the murder date, because she had told him she was "in mortal fear" of an elderly admirer.

Some time after this story, when investigators went back to Frank, he finally broke down under questioning of Captain Ainslee C. Armstrong, chief of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation. He had made up the story, the youth said, because he feared unwarranted conclusions would be drawn from his staying overnight at Maybelle's house, although her aunt and uncle had been there also.

Never then, nor later, were police able to break down Frank's alibi, although more than one officer privately stated that his story was not believed.

Briefly, in March of 1933, the probe was reopened when Deputy Superintendent John M. Anderson assigned his chief aide, Lieutenant Stephen J. Gillis, to question two persons in Greater Boston. Nothing came of the flare-up.

Then in January of 1934, came a report from Barrington, Nova Scotia, that a twenty-nine-year-old man living there, but a resident of Boston at the time of the Matheson

slaying, had assaulted his wife after she accused him of being the Matheson murderer.

Police Captain Stephen J. Flaherty of the B. C. I. and Inspector Robert C. McGeogh hastened from Boston to Nova Scotia, and were accompanied by Boston newspaper reporters, to look into this.

They were met with flat denials by the man himself and by his wife that their quarrel, during which he had assaulted her with a knife, grew out of the Matheson case. Both had been working in West Roxbury at the time of the slaying, the wife even in the same mill with Maybelle—although she claimed that she did not know Maybelle—and the husband in a factory on Baker Street, itself, his way home leading past the fatal field.

Sometimes, you know, in the heat of a quarrel, wives will hurl some sudden charges—or do you know? Perhaps it was merely this husband's proximity to the murder spot which caused the wife's charge of murder—if she did hurl it.

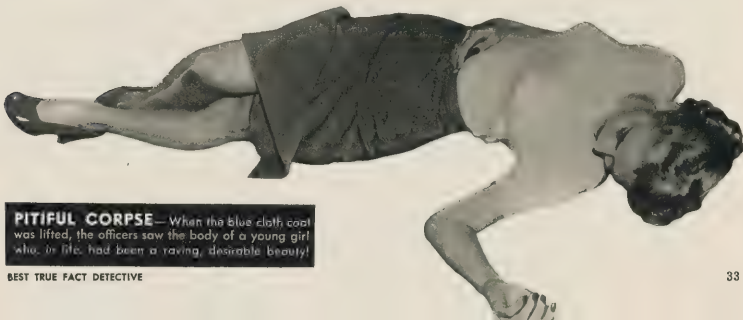
However that may be, Captain Flaherty, one of the most astute detectives in the East, was forced to come back from Nova Scotia empty-handed, although one other strange spectre of death had crossed his path in the icy "Down East." Learning that Boston officers were in town in connection with the murder investigation, forty-four-year-old John Wilson hanged himself at Barrington, Nova Scotia.

He had been a Gloucester fisherman at the time of the murder but he had no connection with it, yet the fear that he would be questioned, though unfounded, had preyed on his mind. After Captain Flaherty returned to Boston, he was quoted as saying, enigmatically:

"If this murder is ever solved, it will be solved in Nova Scotia."

A short time later, the detective, now in retirement, was genial as ever, but non-committal.

The slayer has been equally non-committal, but geniality, unquestionably, plays little part in his makeup.



PITIFUL CORPSE—When the blue cloth coat was lifted, the officers saw the body of a young girl who, in life, had been a raving, desirable beauty!



HE WAS A FOOL TO THINK HE

COULD KEEP THEM APART - TO THINK THAT

THEIR PATHS WOULD NEVER MEET... HE WAS A FOOL

NOT TO FORESEE THAT THERE WOULD BE HELL TO PAY -

WHEN WIFE AND MISTRESS MEET!

COLD KISS

— Mrs. Fanti noticed that her husband had become cold and distant since the guest came to their house. And as for the guest, she managed to break in every time husband and wife were together.

All photos used in this story were specially posed for **BEST TRUE FACT** DETECTIVE by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

THE last glittering ornament hung on the green tree in the front window. Louis Shapiro paused to watch the feathery snowflakes fall outside his stationery store early that December evening. Christmas was only three weeks off, and there were cartons of toys still to be unpacked. The busy proprietor started for the rear of his store at 8904 Third Avenue, in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hearing the front door open, Shapiro turned to wait on what he presumed to be a customer. His eyes widened with amazement. Facing him across the counter stood a short, stocky man with reddish, wavy hair, clad in a Chesterfield and a black fedora. Blood streamed down his face, oozing from a bullet wound in his forehead.

The stranger opened his mouth to speak, but before the words came, he collapsed and sank to the floor, unconscious.

Shapiro grabbed the phone behind the counter and called the Fort Hamilton station of the New York City Police Department.

"Hurry, for Gods sake!" the proprietor begged. "This man is bleeding to death!"

Minutes later, as the clock on a nearby church steeple pointed to six-forty, p.m., two sirens howled in a weird chorus, announcing the arrival of a squad car, followed closely by an ambulance from Kings County Hospital.

Detectives Edward Nolan and John Cush hurried into the store with the ambulance surgeon. As the sleuths questioned Shapiro, the doctor bent over the prostrate body.

"He's still alive," the surgeon said shortly. "But the bullet's in a bad spot, probably pressing on his brain. We'll have to get him to the hospital and operate immediately. He has a fighting chance to live."

As the body was removed to the ambulance, Detective Nolan quickly went through the victim's pockets and found an identification card. From this, he learned the man was Mariano Fanti of 18 Colonial Road and that his business address was the Fanti Exporting Company, 573 Sackett Street.

The ambulance rolled away, siren shrilling, and the detectives turned to question Shapiro further.

"Did you hear any shots?" asked Nolan.

"No," replied the stationer. "This man just walked in here. He started to tell me something and then dropped to the floor."

"He was shot somewhere in the

vicinity," declared Cush. "It's certain that he couldn't have walked far with a critical wound like that. I'm surprised he was able to get in here under his own power. You're sure nothing happened in this store, Shapiro?"

"Absolutely," vowed the proprietor, "but if you don't believe me, take a look around."

This the detectives did, but they found nothing in the store to indicate that the shooting had taken place there.

"Well," said Nolan at length, "our best bet is to go outside and make a careful search of the neighborhood. It'll be like shooting for a needle in a haystack, but it's our only course."

"If that man pulls through," pointed out Cush, "he'll probably be able to name the guy who did it when he recovers consciousness."

"He may," agreed Nolan, "unless he was ambushed."

Cush pondered this perplexing angle as he and his companion left the store. For the next twenty minutes, they scoured the immediate vicinity, searching other stores thoroughly and visiting the apartments on the second and third floors above.

Finally, at the end of the block, Nolan saw an expensive black sedan standing at the curb and called his companion's attention to it. Together they walked over and tried the doors. They were locked. Peering through the windows, Nolan saw something which made his heart leap.

"Cush!" he exclaimed. "Look at what's in the front seat! The body of a woman!"

Nolan quickly withdrew from his pocket an instrument favored by car thieves—a beer can opener—and pried open the right front door.

Slumped down on the seat lay the body of a beautiful, voluptuous blonde in her early thirties. Her black seal-skin had been thrown back, and blood streams smeared the smart, tailored suit.

She was dead.

THIS is where it happened," said "Fanti and his woman were shot by the same person."

Searching the woman's effects, they found a driver's license in her bag made out to Mrs. Bertha Pemberton, Nolan of 78 Eighth Avenue. The description matched that of the woman in the car.

"Wonder if Fanti has a wife?" conjectured Cush. "This looks like a clandestine rendezvous, and that may provide the motive. These two could have been shot by Fanti's



wife or Mrs. Nolan's husband.

"Yes," agreed Detective Nolan (no relative of the dead woman), "or the killer might have been another man or woman who was jealous. These crimes of passion sometimes have strange angles."

Completing their search of the car, the detectives found two important clues—a flattened .38 caliber bullet imbedded in the floor under the dashboard, and in the back seat, a .38 caliber revolver. Two cartridges in it were empty.

Nolan, carefully wrapping the gun in a handkerchief to avoid smudging possible prints, observed, "It seems strange that the killer would leave the weapon behind—presuming of course, that this was the murder gun."

"The bullet obviously was the one that killed Mrs. Nolan," pointed out Cush, "and it's the same caliber as the gun. I think we're safe in that assumption."

Cush went to call an ambulance and notify the station while Nolan stood guard over the body. The ambulance arrived shortly, and the detectives followed it back to the hospital, where the wounded exporter, Fanti, had been taken.

In the hospital morgue, Nolan asked the assistant medical examiner to look for evidence of criminal assault when he performed the autopsy on the slain woman.

Upstairs in the emergency ward, the detectives visited the bedside of the still unconscious Fanti. He had survived an operation, during which Dr. Floyd H. Bragdon had removed an inch and a half of frontal bone in an attempt to extract the bullet. He succeeded in getting out only half of the slug, however, because further probing would have been fatal. The sleuths examined the half of the bullet which had been extracted and saw that it was of .38 caliber.

"We'll have the ballistics division compare the slugs with the gun we found in the car, and we'll have the weapon dusted for fingerprints," Nolan told Cush. "Then we'll know where we stand."

"I've already phoned in the serial number of the gun to headquarters," Cush reminded him. "If there was a permit issued for it, we'll get a hot lead through the owner."

Their next move, the detectives agreed was to question the relatives of the slain woman and the wounded man. Asking the hospital superintendent to notify them at once if Fanti regained consciousness, Nolan and Cush went out to their squad car. They had very important work ahead.

The officers drove first to the home of Mrs. Nolan, a two-and-a-half room apartment. There, they found a blonde young girl in her teens who identified herself as the victim's daughter, Barbara. Weeping, she already had been notified of the tra-

gedy. Her father, a waterfront time-keeper, had died four years ago. She had one sister, Ruth, two years her junior, who had gone to get their mother's brother.

Bravely drying her tears, Barbara answered the detectives' questions.

"Mother was Mr. Fanti's secretary," she said. "She had known him ever since I can remember. I don't know how they met. I always understood that it was over Mr. Fanti that mother and father separated four years before Father died. After the separation, Mr. Fanti financed mother in a millinery shop, but that didn't pay, so she became his secretary."

"Did Fanti come here to visit your mother often?" asked Nolan.

"About four or five times a week. Last summer, when the Fanti family took a bungalow in Far Rockaway, mother rented a cottage a block away."

"Then the relationship between your mother and Fanti was no secret to his wife?"

"Oh, no, Mrs. Fanti knew all about it."

"Miss Nolan," Cush interrupted, "did your mother have any other men friends with whom she went out?"

The girl thought a moment, then replied, "Yes. Peter Briggs and Bob Harlow. Briggs lives over on Fort Hamilton Parkway. He's an investment broker. Harlow is an insurance salesman, and he has an apartment on Shore Road. They're both bachelors."

Cush wrote down the addresses the girl gave him.

"One more thing," asked Nolan. "When did you last see your mother?"

"About five o'clock this afternoon. She was here with Fanti. They were having a discussion before they left."

"Did you hear what it was about?"

"Yes, something about four thousand dollars that Mr. Fanti was going to give the company. Apparently, they were going down to the office when they left here, for that purpose."

"Your mother had only a few small bills in her purse when we found her," said Nolan. "Fanti had less than a hundred dollars. That's why we didn't think the motive was robbery."

Thanking the girl for her information, the detectives returned to their car and debated their next move.

"I think," said Nolan, "that we'd better question Briggs and Harlow, the victim's other men friends, before they have a chance to get away. If they hear about the tragedy, they're liable to leave town—even if they're completely innocent."

DRIVING first to Harlow's apartment on Shore Road, which was nearest, they found the dapper insurance salesman entertaining a



striking brunette. He wore a dressing gown and was mixing a shaker of cocktails.

The girl's lipstick was smudged, and her sheer dress was wrinkled. The radio was going full blast, beating out boogie-woogie music.

Harlow, a pained expression on his face, said the detectives were first to tell him of Mrs. Nolan's death. Asked to account for his activities that afternoon and evening, he smiled wryly and winked at the girl.

"I've been right here all the time, brother," he smirked. "And believe me, I've been plenty busy!" The girl blushed crimson.

Convinced Harlow's alibi was sound, the sleuths returned to their car and drove to the Fort Hamilton Parkway apartment of Briggs, the broker.

They found him sick in bed with a severe case of flu. A nurse was in attendance, and the doctor was there on a routine visit. In a few moments, the detectives were certain that Briggs could not possibly have been at the scene of the crime.

Discouraged by this new lead which had led into a blind alley, the detectives again went out to their car.

"We ought to have some report by now," said Nolan. "Enough time has passed for the fingerprint and ballistics men to arrive at some conclusions. Also, we ought to know if the gun had been registered and what the autopsy showed."

The sleuths drove to a nearby police box and, through a series of calls, obtained all the reports they sought.

There was no question, the ballistics expert said, but that the bullets which had struck Mrs. Nolan and Fanti had been fired by the gun found in the car. But the gun bore not a single fingerprint—and further, a permit for it had been issued in New York to Fanti!

Who had shot Fanti—and Mrs. Nolan—with his own gun? Had she shot him and then turned it on herself? Or had he shot her in a sui-

BRAWL — The two women went at it, with both fists. But neither of them expected a murder!

GUEST — Mrs. Fanti welcomed her husband's "friend" to her home, never suspecting he'd



and once she called me on the telephone and defied me to make him do it.

"Two years ago, I decided to have a showdown. I went to the apartment Mariano rented for Mrs. Nolan, and I found my husband there. 'You leave my husband alone! I need him,' I told her. She said, 'What's the matter, do you want him all for yourself?' and I replied, 'I want him for my children. I didn't know I married him to share him with others!'"

Here Mrs. Fanti broke into sobs. Comforting her, Detective Nolan persuaded her to continue her dramatic story.

"We had our last big argument
(Continued on page 49)

cide pact and then failed to kill himself? Who had wiped the gun clean of prints?

These questions throbbed in the minds of the detectives.

"We must question Mrs. Fanti," declared Nolan. "Perhaps she can clear up this mystery."

Getting into their car, the sleuths drove to the Fanti home on Colonial Road, a large, rambling English-style residence.

Mrs. Fanti met them at the door. Red-eyed from weeping, she had just returned from the hospital where she had visited the still-unconscious exporter. Sadly, she submitted to the sleuths' questioning in the high-ceilinged, heavy-beamed living room.

"My husband first introduced Mrs. Nolan to me about eight years ago," she began in a low voice. "He said she was Miss Pemberton, a nurse, from Bay Ridge Hospital. It was in his office, and I walked in on them by surprise. I didn't suspect anything then. I trusted Mariano."

"A few weeks later, though, when two of our four children were ill, Miss Pemberton—Mrs. Nolan—came to the house. She said she was passing by and dropped in to say hello. She offered to stay and take care of the children. I let her. She remained in my home for thirty days. I watched her with my husband, and it was then that I knew what was going on between them."

"Please continue, Mrs. Fanti," Nolan urged.

"I'll never forget the first time I visited my husband's office, and I found Mrs. Nolan sitting on his lap. He explained that she was his secretary and was trying to get something out of his eye. I told him I didn't believe it, and she flared up. 'Send your wife home!' she demanded. I started pulling her hair. My husband had to separate us."

"Was that the only fight you had with her?" asked Nolan.

"It was the only time I pulled her hair. But we had many verbal clashes. I tried many times to persuade my husband to discharge her,

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE



PAYOFF — Mrs. Fanti was very generous to his beautiful blonde office wife.

THERE IS NO BOTTOM TO THE DEPTHS TO WHICH AN

ILLCIT LOVE CAN DRAG A MAN . . . NO LIMIT TO THE

TRAGEDY IT CAN BRING . . . NO END TO THE SHAME

AND THE SUFFERING — NO END BUT THAT OF DEATH!

HE SANG A HYMN OF Hate!

RAIN was in the air. A raw, March wind blew in from Niagara river, forerunner of the storm in the offing. Myriad neons cast a ruddy haze against the dark sky. Spasmodically the whirring wheels of automobiles cut the silence. It was the night of March 10, 1939.

Joe's Grill at West Ferry and Barton streets was doing a land-office business. Men, chilled by the raw wind, stepped in for a "short" one and a "tall" one. Patrons lined the bar and sat at the tables across the room. A general hum of conversation dominated the tavern. In a far corner, three men played euchre. The waiter, idle for the moment, drifted toward their table and leaned over the back of a vacant chair.

"Play the queen of trumps," he kibitzed. The other two glared at him.

"Mind your own business!" snarled one of them, an ordinary-appearing individual with gray eyes.

"Order three, Danny," said the man to the waiter's right, in an effort to avoid a brawl. The waiter picked up the empty glasses and withdrew to the bar.

"How are you getting along with your boss, Jack?" queried the mild-mannered man who ordered the drinks.

"He's pretty tough to get along with," replied the man, addressed as Jack. "But he hasn't heard the last of it."

"Why? What's the matter?"

"The louse tied the can to me," snarled Jack. "I'm not through with him yet!"

Jack played the last card of a jambone and turned toward the bar. "Hurry up with them beers," he shouted. "I gotta git goin'! I have to

fix the fires for the old lady before I turn in." He faced his companions at the table. "Kinda cold for March, ain't it?" he said to them.

"You know Buffalo, Jack," returned the interrogator. "It never gets warm here until July."

Danny, the waiter, returned with the beer and placed it on the table. Jack picked up his schooner, blew the foam off and gulped the amber fluid. He placed the glass on the table, none too gently and arose.

"So long fellas," he said. "See you tomorrow."

A gust of wind swirled into the taproom as he opened the door. Fastening his jumper, Jack walked out and headed east in West Ferry. It was about one-thirty a.m., March 11th. The wind rose in velocity, scattering paper and rubbish along the streets.

JACK walked along West Ferry until he came to Plymouth avenue. With a glance in both directions, he turned into the avenue and walked until he was abreast of 635. Here, he stopped once more, looked about him and crossed the street. After another cursory glance he sneaked into the alley behind the house.

He cast furtive glances about him. In the rear, he saw two refuse cans. He reached his hand into one of them and took some waste paper from it. He returned to the rear of the house. Here, he opened the milk box to the right of the rear door, stuffed the waste paper into it and ouch-ed it off with a lighted match.

The man watched the flames take hold, then stuffed more paper into the opening. Wind fanned the flame. It flared higher, to lick at the wood-work above. An evil grin on his



TRAGEDY!—"She's dead! Pop, she's dead!" Clark cried at the time of his wife's passing. "What's going to become of us all now? What will we do?"

All photos used in this story were specially posed for **THIS FACT** descriptive by professional models. Photos by Gary Wagner.

HARD LUCK SET UP

HEADQUARTERS IN THE CLARK HOME . . . FIRST IT WAS VISITED BY POVERTY . . . THEN

DEATH PAID A CALL

. . . AND SOON AFTER—ARSON AND MURDER KNOCKED AT THE CLARKS' FRONT DOOR!

By **JONATHAN DOUGLAS**

These savage arson murders took place in **BUFFALO, NEW YORK.**



FIREBUG—In the middle of the night, the mad arsonist struck again! Panicky residents of the flaming building tried to run!

HEROES Firemen worked heroically, rescuing those who were overcome by flames. With each outbreak the mystery deepened!



and they were extremely exhausted.

The girl's even breathing became stifled, labored. She awoke, sat up in her bed. Her shrill scream pierced the stillness of the night as she saw flames and smoke pouring in through the open door. Paralyzed with fear, the little girl did not move for a moment. Then she stumbled out of bed. It was hard for her to see, the smoke was so dense. She groped her way toward the windows, gasping for breath. She fell over a chair and crawled painfully along the floor. Finally, she reached the windows. She felt with her tiny hand for the sill, then pulled herself to her feet. She released the catch and tried to open one of them. But the sash was stuck fast. The little girl struggled desperately, tears streaming down her cheeks. Her efforts became weak, she was exhausted. Her little body slumped to the floor. The black smoke overcame her; carbon monoxide had claimed its victim. Her brother, dreaming of the kite he had made, never had a chance to save himself. He died in his sleep.

In another part of the house, an elderly man was awakened by the smell of smoke. He was the little girl's grandfather. He put on his trousers and hastened to another bedroom. Here, he awakened two sleeping boys and hurried them downstairs. The whole house was filled with smoke. The two boys clasp hands ran into the living room on the ground floor. Confused by the dense smoke, they could not find the doorway.

"Lie down on the floor," whispered one of them. They got down on their knees and began crawling along the floor.

The grandfather, also confused by the billowing smoke, vainly groped for the door to the outside.

Patrolmen Fred J. Beuche and John F. Tousley were cruising in a radio car on Albany Street. They saw the flames leaping through the

(Continued on page 45)

face; eyes strangely alight, the man stepped back into the street. He retraced his steps, on his way home.

Now the wind was a half gale, dispelling the storm clouds before it. The river below foamed like a cauldron. The flames burned through the roof, sweeping dense smoke before them. Billows of black smoke soared up, to flatten out before the wind.

Inside the house, the draft from the open milk box sent death-dealing clouds of smoke and flame to the upstairs bedroom. In one of them, a boy and a girl were soundly asleep. The little girl had had a very busy day. She had washed her dolly's clothes and gave her little playthings a bath. Her brother was occupied all day building a kite. They had played hard, these youngsters,

AN UNLUCKY STAR HAD RISEN IN THE UNHAPPY

MAN'S HEAVEN . . . AND TRY AS HE MIGHT HE

COULD NOT SHAKE OFF ITS EVIL INFLUENCE . . . HIS

TEARS FOR HIS DEPARTED WIFE WERE NOT EVEN

DRY WHEN TRAGEDY STRUCK AGAIN—AND AGAIN!

TERROR

— "What are we going to do about this?" Magee's wife gasped, clutching the sinister, bold letter. (Specially posed by professional model)



CRIME

ON HIS HANDS!

By CLYDE CUMMINGS

WHILE the attention of the world was still focused on the frantic search that had centered around the Sourland Mountain home of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, and parents everywhere were guarding their children closely to avert a similar tragedy, the inhabitants of five counties in central Pennsylvania were rudely shocked by the discov-

ery that a desperate extortion gang was apparently operating in their midst.

Disquieting rumors had been afloat for some time. Women in Beavertown, Selinsgrove, Sunbury and Nanticoke had received threatening letters, demanding money. Although the postmarks indicated that the letters had been mailed from widely separated localities, compar-

ison revealed that they all came from the same source. Beyond that, the police were seemingly unable to get a lead.

On April 14, 1932, Harry Magee, a wealthy young carpet manufacturer of Bloomsburg — a pleasant town in the Susquehanna River valley, midway between Wilkes Barre and Sunbury — was sitting at breakfast with his attractive wife and his schoolgirl daughter, Joanne.

The usual pleasantries between the family were exchanged, and Mr. Magee looked carelessly over a pile of letters which had come in the morning mail. One, with the address rudely printed on a rough envelope, caught his attention, and he paused to read it.

His face turned pale, and he handed the letter to his wife. The letter demanded \$15,000 in well-used currency, and threatened the abduction and possible murder of his wife and young daughter, unless the money was placed at a spot to be mentioned later.

The letter also cautioned him against making its contents public or seeking aid from the police.

But Harry Magee disregarded the warning. He hastened to inform Sheriff Harry Rabb of Columbia County and, upon the latter's advice, the Pennsylvania State Police and Federal Postal inspectors were called into the case.

About a week later, on April 20th, while the police were still puzzling over the scarcity of clues, the Magee family received a second letter, more threatening than the first, to the effect that a desperate gang was ready to pounce upon the family unless the money was forthcoming.

Stirred by the pleas of the distracted father, Captain William A. Clark, in command of Troop B of the Pennsylvania State Police, detailed Sergeant Newman and three privates as a permanent guard at the residence.

All the investigators had to work on were the two letters, and two weeks dragged by without any further word from the extortionist. Beyond definitely linking the case with the four previous attempts, which were still being looked into without success, little progress had been made.

At last, on May 5th, when even those in charge were becoming a bit skeptical, a third letter arrived at the Magee home, with the fantastic demand that the \$15,000 be delivered by airplane, to be dropped to the ground at a certain signal.

Feverishly, the authorities went about setting a trap for the gang.

Friends of Magee were sworn in as deputies, and practically the entire personnel of Troop B was assembled. An army of at least 150 men was thus organized. A fleet of automobiles was provided to carry

(Continued on page 44)

BLOOD MONEY STAINS A KILLER'S HANDS — AND

THAT STAIN CAN NEVER BE WASHED OUT . . .

SOONER OR LATER, IT WILL TURN AND BETRAY HIM!



"Granda" Mae Sanderson went off to Tehachapi Prison rather reluctantly, as you can gather from the above photo. This sixty-two-year-old woman said she killed husband, James, because he made her angry.

Dudley Beatty, twenty-seven, walked into police headquarters at Lansing, Michigan, and confessed that he had murdered four-year-old Walter "Peewee" Eaton, but insisted to police he did not know why he did.



Chicago police are holding Mrs. Bernice Esposito and charging her with slaying her husband, Joseph, because he would not stop beating their 14-year-old daughter, Josephine (left) for neglecting her accordion practice.

In Berkeley, California, research assistant Samuel A. Sher comforts his attractive wife, Judith who was severely wounded by Parviz Daryoush, a rejected suitor.





Fourteen-year-old baby sitter Jean Sonnen was held in Lititz, Pennsylvania, in connection with the tragic death of six-year-old Ronald Glen Keller. The little boy died in General Hospital from skull and jaw fractures.



Again, a lovers' quarrel ended in a fatal shooting. 22-year-old nurse, June Ateri of Riverside, Pa., hides her head on her attorney's shoulder as she was ordered held in \$500 bail for the alleged murder of Dr. John Finley.

Young Ronald Keller is shown here with his mother in happier days. According to the police, Miss Sonnen admitted that she struck the boy with a piece of kindling wood after he angered her.



9th
The
News!

CRIME ON HIS HANDS!

(Continued from page 41)

the men swiftly to the spot where the money was to be dropped from the plane.

In order to coordinate the search, four sets of telephones were hastily installed in a private laboratory in the Magee home.

One of the telephone lines was connected with the forest fire towers, from which could be scanned much of the region to be covered by the plane. Another set was in communication with the telephones installed along the highways, at which men with automobiles were to be stationed. Graph maps were prepared and supplied to each group of searchers. Another copy was in the plane.

On May 9th, Magee received a fourth letter carrying instructions for another airplane flight along the river as an indication that he was willing to "play ball."

ON May 17th, the flight was made as directed, but nothing happened. Then, on June 2nd, the mail brought a letter giving instructions for a flight the following day, during which the \$15,000 were to be dropped upon signal from the ground.

The plane sighted a white banner flying from a tall tree. In the growing dusk, the pilot maneuvered into a position over the tree, then slowly circled seven times as a signal to the posse on the ground that the spot where the money was to be dropped had been located.

More determined than ever they pressed on, and the following day their perseverance was rewarded by the discovery of the duffle bag that had contained the \$15,000, in a thicket. The bag was empty.

But the extortionists had somehow slipped through the cordon.

Captain Clark and the troopers were not too discouraged by this

turn of events. The package of money had actually contained only forty dollars — two twenty dollar bills wrapped around a sheaf of papers cut to the size of currency.

Sure enough, on June 16th, the police were notified by the First National Bank of Danville that a twenty dollar bill bearing the serial number of one of the bills in the decoy package had been deposited.

Sergeant Newman was put on the trail and learned that it had been deposited by a mail carrier who had received it from Edward Whalen, operator of a gasoline filling station near Danville.

Whalen remembered receiving the bill for four gallons of gasoline from a man who appeared to be about fifty years old, five feet seven inches tall, weighing approximately 150 pounds. He was driving a green sedan, 1927 model.

* * *

THE next evening, Whalen telephoned police that one of his sons, operating another filling station, had just reported to him that the green car had stopped for gas.

The license number was noted and reported to be 1866-H. A check of the records of the State Highway Department revealed that the license had been issued to J. C. Thoman, of Beaver Springs, Snyder County.

The motorist, J. Clarence Thoman, denied ownership of the bill. The police then demanded to see his hands. Thoman hesitantly stretched his arms forward, and the officers eagerly examined the hands. They were covered with peculiar stains.

This was the evidence the police had been seeking, for the decoy package had been impregnated with a chemical which discolors the skin.

Thoman then admitted sending the threatening letters and added that he alone was guilty. He was sentenced to eighteen years' imprisonment and fined \$6,000. However, on October 23, 1938, he was released by a governor's parole.

struggle. If she'd been struck hard enough to make her lose consciousness, there would be marks to show."

Elliot and Grondeau remained unconvinced. Howard seemed to be in the clear, for they couldn't place him anywhere near New Bedford at the time of his wife's death; nor could they find anyone who had seen him near the river with his wife. Howard had told them he had been around the fort most of the day.

"There's something fishy about the whole thing," Elliot said. "For one thing, I didn't like Howard's pretense of grief. It's fake if I ever saw one. Look, doc. We want you to perform an autopsy soon as possible. My partner and I think Howard is trying to get away with murder again."

The autopsy revealed one startling fact: while there was no poison in the body, neither was there any water in the lungs. Plainly, then, Ida Howard was dead before her body touched the water, but dead from what? Howard, questioned again, could not answer the question. He stuck to his original story. Grondeau, motioning to his partner to keep Howard occupied, slipped out and went to the ex-murderer's quarters and began a methodical search.

Grondeau was almost doomed to disappointment until he picked up a small, paper-bound book on Jiu-Jitsu. With Grondeau, detective work was ninety-nine per cent common sense. So when he began to read and discovered that, while many of the pages had been cut out, one chapter evidently had been thumbed and re-thumbed, read and re-read, Grondeau became very interested. And he became more than interested when, in that chapter, he read the paragraph:

"Great care must be used in exerting too great a pressure at the base of the skull. To paralyze the pneumo-gastric nerve or interrupt the function of the carotid artery will cause the death of your adversary. Death has been known to result within 20 seconds."

Grondeau was thunderstruck with amazement. The whole thing hit him at once, every detail of the devilish plot—"Good Lord," he muttered. "Murder by Jiu-Jitsu."

* * *

GRONDEAU hurried out. Howard was immediately placed under arrest. His eyes narrowed when Grondeau showed him the tell-tale book, but he refused to say anything. Even when Grondeau taunted him in saying he had made a grave error in not destroying the book, Howard remained obdurate.

Later, Howard talked—but he stuck to his original story; he had not murdered his wife. He detailed his movements, growing very indignant when they were brushed

PASSION BLAZED A TRAIL FOR MURDER!

The medical examiner, however remained unserved by this suspicion. "There isn't a mark of violence on her," he said, "not so much as a bruise. And she's got a skin that would bruise easily. Now, no woman is going to let herself be thrown into the water without a



(Continued from page 30)

turned her soldier-husband in to the police. Detectives Elliot and Grondeau, assigned to the investigation, couldn't believe that Mrs. Howard had possessed such a personality.

aside by the detectives and branded as lies. In the end, Howard's story was blasted to smithereens, and only then did he admit that he had been lying. Finally, he said that he was willing to tell the truth.

Howard said he had sneaked away from the fort to keep a date with a girl, whom he named. As a gentleman he had preferred to lie rather than to involve her in a messy police investigation. The girl was located and questioned. Indignantly, she branded Howard's story as a falsehood. She had not seen him for months, and she never wanted to see him again.

Howard, storming and raging, cursed the girl and called her a double-crosser who had turned against him because he wouldn't let her monopolize his free time.

"You're in deep enough now, friend," Elliot said to Howard. "Now we know you only went back to your wife in order to divert suspicion away from yourself when you finally murdered her. You pretended that everything was hunky-dory, but behind her back you were still running around with other women. Now, let's have the real story, how did you kill your wife?"



HE SANG A HYMN OF HATE

(Continued from page 40)
rear roof of the house as they passed Plymouth Avenue.

Tousley, who was driving the squad car, stepped on the gas. "I'm going to turn in the alarm, Fred," he said. "You try to get in there."

Beuche alighted from the moving car and rushed up the front steps. He pounded on the front door. Getting no response, he smashed a side window in an attempt to gain entrance. But here he was stymied by the billowing smoke.

Meanwhile, firemen of Truck No. 4, Niagara Street, arrived on the scene. Thomas P. McMahon and William P. McTigue, donned gas masks and entered the blazing structure. Two more firemen, Alfred C. Olsen and Charles F. Mooney placed ladders and climbed to the upper windows which they shattered, while their comrades flamed streams of water over the flames.

The firemen, Olsen and Mooney found little Bernette Clark, age eight, beside the window where she had fallen. Her brother, William Clark, age ten, was in his bed. Their BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

The final blow fell when a doctor came forward and told the police he remembered Howard talking with him regarding the effect of pressing the vital centers at the base of the brain.

"He wanted to know," said the doctor, "if it really would cause death and leave no trace of violence."

With its weight of evidence, complete to the book on Jiu Jitsu, the Commonwealth again went to trial against Howard, who had had so much trouble with his women. And when the testimony was in, and the summations made and the judge's charge delivered, it took the jury fifty-four minutes to find Howard guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Howard served close to twenty-five years in the State prison in Charlestown where there were no women to bother him. He worked in the shoe factory as a stitcher. Finally, in November of 1935, he was paroled. Back to Tennessee he went, and death came to him in a tragic manner. He slipped and fell down a ravine. It was not much of a drop, but for Howard it was fatal. He broke his neck.

grandfather, William B. Clark, Sr., seventy-eight, was found unconscious in a side room. And Jimmy Clark, age six was still clutching the hand of Jimmy Shannon, age eleven, his brother's pal, on the floor of the living room.

The patrolmen on the scene relieved the firemen of their ghastly burdens. Bernette, William III and the Shannon boy were taken to the home of Eugene J. Coleman, next door neighbor. Little Jimmy Clark was rushed into the house of City Judge Joseph J. Kelly at 152 Albany street, and the grandfather was taken to the home of another neighbor, Norman Mitchell.

It appeared that all five occupants of the blazing home were dead. In the distance the scream of a siren sounded. With screaming brakes, an ambulance rolled to a stop at the curb. Dr. Sebastian V. Villani, who accompanied the Columbus Hospital ambulance, rushed up the stairs of 633 Plymouth Avenue. He looked at the fire victims. Bernette and William III were dead.

"Any more of the victims?" he asked.

"This way, doc," said a policeman. Villani entered a bedroom where the Shannon boy lay, unconscious. The doctor applied artificial respiration and ordered the boy removed to the hospital.

Meanwhile, Junior Captain August H. Fleischauer and Firemen Frank Diemer and George W. Jaman arrived with an inhalator and went to work on Jimmy Clark and his grandfather. The victims were revived and rushed to the hospital. The three survivors were badly

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burned and suffered from shock and smoke.

At the Columbus Hospital, the grandfather, still in a semi-conscious condition, murmured: "I can't recall what happened." Nearby, his grandson, Jimmy, kept crying: "Is my daddy coming? Is my daddy coming?"

It was now three o'clock in the morning, March 11, 1939, William B. Clark Jr., unaware of the tragedy that had taken place at his home, took leave of Mrs. Marilda Shannon, 1539 Niagara Street, a widow and mother of little Jimmy Shannon, with whom he had been visiting, after tucking his children in bed for the night.

* * *

WILLIAM B. CLARK JR., did not hurry home. He drove his decrepit car at a snail's pace. Things were not going so good with him. Respected by everyone in his community as a hard worker, he operated three trucks. He did all the trucking for the American Legion Welfare Department and even had a man working for him.

But three years ago, things went "bad." He was forced to sell two of his trucks and discharged the hired hand. To add to his burden of worries, his wife died. Clark thought of putting his five children in a private home where they would have good care. His father, William B. Sr., did not want to break up the home. He loved his grandchildren. They were everything to him. "If only I could get a break," mused Clark as he drove toward his home. "It seems hard luck has followed me too long."

But hard luck again dogged his tracks that night. As he turned into Plymouth avenue, he saw the fire apparatus in front of his home.

He leaped from his car. "What has happened?" he asked frantically. "My children! What became of my children?" He was hysterical.

Battalion Chief Puckhaber comforted him. "Take hold of yourself, man," he said. "Your father and your children are at the Columbus Hospital."

Clark ran back to his car and got in. He started his motor, swung hard on the wheel, straightened it out and sped toward the hospital. His car did not look particularly high-powered but its appearance was deceiving. And Clark kept the accelerator pressed hard against the floor-boards until he reached the Columbus Hospital.

There he learned the full details of the tragedy which snuffed out the lives of two of his children. Sobbing and near collapse, he embraced little Jimmy, his son, who suffered from shock and burns.

"Someone set my house on fire! They killed my children," he sobbed hysterically.

Spontaneous combustion was

written into the Homelife Report Book as the cause of the death-dealing conflagration. So far as the police were concerned the case was for the Buffalo Fire Department.

So at three p.m. on Saturday, March 11, Walter Puckhaber, Chief of the Fourth Battalion, returned to the scene of the fire. He was not satisfied with his report of the fire because he could not determine the cause of it. Puckhaber was determined to trace that cause for the purpose of future prevention against the same cause.

He traced the source of flames to a rear storeroom, but he found no wiring or heating fixtures there that would have caused the blaze. During the course of his investigation he came to the milk box. The more he studied the situation, the more convinced he became that the fire had its origin here.

Clark, also, appeared at the scene, hoping to reclaim something from the burned building. Puckhaber conferred with Clark; asked him if he suspected incendiarianism. Clark said he did, and the fire chief advised him to make his complaint to police.

At three-fifteen, Clark appeared at the West Deewan avenue station and told Desk Lieutenant Charles A. Murphy of his suspicions. Lieutenant Murphy assured him steps would be taken.

Mr. Clark's charges of arson revealed that on August 21, 1938, an attempt was made to burn his truck during the night. Murphy checked police records and found that Clark's August report resulted in the stationing of a patrolman to watch the house.

The patrolman had maintained his vigil for a week while Precinct Detectives Charles J. Sheehan, and Thomas L. Scanlon investigated reports that a stranger—suspected as a firebug—was seen loitering in the neighborhood a few nights before the attempt was made to burn the truck.

Nothing materialized, and police vigilance relaxed. All was quiet in the Clark neighborhood through the fall and early winter. Then, on February 1, 1939, a fire of mysterious origin broke out in the home of William Hill at 174 Herkimer Street. Bobby Hill, sixteen-year-old school-boy, heard noises early in the morning, then smelled smoke. He, with his big brother Bill, woke their father, William, who was asleep in the living room. None were injured in the fire, which began in the shed where Bobby Hill saved rags and old newspapers.

Two other fires in the same neighborhood were of suspicious origin. All started in the early morning hours, and Fire Department officials could not ascertain their source.

Although Clark made charges of arson, he could not help the Homelife-Arson squad, under Detective Sergeant John Fitzgerald, in their

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

investigation of mysterious fires.

"I have no enemies that I know of," he said. "I don't know of anyone that should want to burn my house. I am in the trucking business, but I am satisfied it had nothing to do with that because I never had any labor trouble. There isn't enough business, to keep me going, let alone having trouble with anyone."

The arson squad had no luck in its investigations. There were reports that failure of police to solve the crime would result in a shakeup of police methods of investigating arsonic crimes. And Detective Sergeant Fitzgerald contended that the fire was not "set" by a pyromaniac.

In the meantime, William B. Clark, Sr., the seventy-eight-year-old "hero" of the fire, died on the next day, March 12th. His son attended the triple funeral which was held from a mortuary at 285 West Ferry Street.

And little Jimmy Shannon was having a tough time. His condition was critical; he was being fed through a tube inserted in his throat. Inflammation caused by inhaling smoke spread over his lungs. His breath came in gasps; most of the time he was in a coma. On Tuesday, March 14th, at 1:55 a.m., death claimed the fourth victim of the fire.

Police still maintained that spontaneous combustion was the cause. Not so the Fire Department. Chief George E. Walsh and Fireman Leo Sheehan of the Fire Prevention Bureau, plodded on. They questioned people in the neighborhood. They sought persons who could be suspected of being fire-bugs. They questioned former employees of Clark; they talked to his friends and any possible enemies.

On Sunday, they heard a former employee had sworn "to get even with Clark." They spent hours tracing the source of the reported threat, learned it was spoken in a saloon.

Walsh and Sheehan eventually found Joe's Grill and there questioned Danny, the waiter. But Danny could not help the two firemen. He knew of no former employee of Clark's who might have reason to hold a grudge. For Danny was at the bar when the threat against Clark was uttered.

By their persistent probing, Walsh and Sheehan learned of a man named John J. Coogan. Jack's two companions of the euchre game talked. The firemen secretly investigated Coogan's past, his present—just as they did in a dozen cases of other suspected persons.

Satisfied that he had the right man spotted, Chief Walsh went to Police Headquarters on Tuesday, March 14th, and reported his findings to Detective Sergeant John Fitzgerald, who ordered Coogan picked up.

THE hunt for the fire-bug slayer was begun. Members of the homi-BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

cide squad scoured the West side for Coogan. Detective Sergeant John J. Fitzgerald, accompanied by Detectives Frank Nowakowski and Fred J. Rambuss called at the Coogan home but did not find him there. Not wanting to frighten him away, the sleuths did not return till Tuesday evening. Mrs. Ada Coogan, mother of John, maintained that her son was not at home.

Not satisfied with her explanations, the detectives decided to search the premises and found John hiding in a shed. Eyes reddened from sleepless days and nights, with a four-day growth of beard, he was lying on some old rags in one corner of the structure.

He seemed to recognize the men as police officers for he asked: "What's this about, the fire?"

"Yes, Jack," replied Fitzgerald.

"You better come with us." Coogan was hustled to police headquarters where he was given the lie-detector test by Detectives Harold Schmidt and Anthony V. Schasre. He was then interrogated by Assistant Detective Chief Thomas Meegan, Detective Sergeant Fitzgerald, other members of the homicide squad and members of the Fire Department.

Coogan readily admitted setting the fire in Plymouth Avenue. His confession, taken down by a stenographer from District Attorney Leo J. Hagerty's office and which consisted of eighteen pages, ran, in part:

"I don't know why I did it—set fire to a house with children in it."

"I was in a Barton street cafe with friends. I left them about one-thirty Saturday morning, went by the Clark home and then for some reason I can't explain, turned back and went to the rear of the house. I found some old newspapers in a garbage can, stuffed them in a milk box and touched a match to them."

At times, as he talked to the police officers, Coogan was on the verge of tears.

"It's wrong if anybody said I had a grudge against them. I just set the place on fire. Why I didn't do it to one of the hundred other places instead of a home where there were children, I don't know."

"Did you tell anyone of your actions on Saturday morning?" asked Meegan.

"No, I told nobody."

"How did you know the Clark children died as a result of that fire?"

"I read Clark's words in the Times," Coogan continued. "'Somebody set fire to my house! They killed my children!—those words drove me mad. I knew then my life was destroyed. I wanted to commit suicide. I couldn't sleep."

"I think of those children every minute. I knew them well. I played with them, and I bought them candy. Oh! why did I do it?"

"I heard the fire engines. I wanted to do something. I wanted to go

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back to the house, but I was scared. I wanted to save the children. Get the old gentleman out. But I waited. It was too late.

"Then I wanted to see little Bernette and little Jimmy before they were buried. I wanted to see them again as I had seen them, in life. They were good kids. But the funeral was held before I knew it."

"Did you set the fire at 14 Herkimer street?" questioned Battalion Chief Walsh.

"Yes," Coogan admitted. "I don't know why, but I must have done it like this one."

Coogan was taken to a cell and placed under double guard. Satisfied that he spoke the truth, District Attorney Hagerty had the confession transcribed and demanded Coogan be brought to his office. Coogan requested that the confession be read to him, which Hagerty did. The prisoner signed the statement quite readily.

Search of police records brought to light the fact that Coogan had a prison record. He came to Buffalo in 1918; was a truck driver till October 7, 1928, when he was convicted of grand larceny, second degree in connection with a stolen car for which he served one year in the Erie County Penitentiary. Prior to that, Coogan was arrested on January 8, 1924, and again on May 7, 1925, charged with intoxication, and drew a fifty-dollar fine on the latter. February 24, 1932, saw Coogan again in the toils of law, this time, grand larceny, first degree for theft of a sum of money from a house. This was reduced to petit larceny and Coogan served 30 days. His three arrests after were on charges of intoxication but the charges were dismissed and he was discharged.

After signing his eighteen-page confession, Coogan was examined by Doctors Hyman Levine and R. Montford Schley, Buffalo psychiatrists, in the presence of Meegan, Fitzgerald and John J. Kelly, assistant district attorney. The specialists pronounced Coogan sane, although probably not entirely normal.

On Friday, March 24th, Coogan was arraigned before Judge George H. Rowe and formally charged with arson and murder in the first degree. A grand jury quickly returned an indictment against him and on June 5, 1939, he went on trial before Supreme Court Justice William A. Gold.

The precautions force was headed by District Attorney Hagerty, while Coogan, pleading poverty, had assigned to defend him, Wortley B. Paul and Edward J. Elsassner. That the defense intended to try and prove that Coogan was unlawfully held, beaten by police and coerced under the lie detector, was evident when Defense Counsel Wortley tried to block the admission of the eighteen-page confession as evidence.

The prosecution fought this with the testimony of Assistant Detective Chief Meegan, Detective Sergeant Fitzgerald and Assistant District Attorney Kelly, all of whom contended that the confession was given voluntarily by Coogan. To prove further to the jury that Coogan was neither beaten nor forced to give the confession, Hagerty called to the witness stand, Beverly Webster, police reporter, who interviewed Coogan on the night of his arrest. Webster testified there were no marks or contusions on the prisoner's body. Dr. Hyman Levine substantiated this statement.

When Coogan took the stand in his own defense, he maintained that he was drunk and not responsible for his actions. Over protests of defense counsel, Hagerty called Maxwell Wagner and George Ottwell, who testified that although Coogan drank some beer he was not intoxicated. Final witnesses for the prosecution, Richard A. Hoen and Leroy Scheckengost, maintained that Coogan was not drunk on the night of March 10th. Mr. Hoen was one of Coogan's companions at the card game in Joe's Grill and to whom Coogan confided that he was not through with Clark yet.

Unsuccessful in his first attempt to discredit the prosecution's contention of his guilt, Coogan, under cross-examination of his counsel, charged that brutal third-degree tactics prompted him to sign the confession. Dr. Montford Schley, another prosecution witness, testified that Coogan appeared in good physical condition and told the doctor that the police treated him kindly.

During summation, District Attorney Hagerty charged that the prisoner deliberately and with premeditation walked several blocks out of his way to set fire to the home of his former employer. The prosecutor demanded death in the electric chair as the penalty for the crime. Defense counsel Paul made a spirited appeal for mercy and argued that the confession was wrung from his client by third-degree police tactics.

The case was given to the jury at 3:55 on Saturday afternoon, June 17th, and verdict of guilty was returned four hours later. Coogan smiled as the jurors filed in but his face drained of color when he heard the verdict. "I'm glad my mother isn't here," he said as he turned to his counsel.

On Friday, June 23rd, he was arraigned in Supreme Court and had his record taken by Assistant District Attorney Leonard R. Lipowicz.

"Have you any cause to show why the judgment of this court should not now be pronounced upon you?"

"Nothing, except that I'm innocent of the crime," said Coogan.

"I've tried to see that you had a fair trial," Justice Gold began, "and I brought to the attention of the

jury every presumption of innocence. You have had a fair trial and you were ably represented. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty in the first degree. But having in mind the report of the psychiatrist and the recommendation of leniency by the jury, the sentence of the court is that you be confined to the Attica State Prison for the term of your natural life on each of the four murder counts. They are to run concurrently.

"On the arson count I sentence you to serve not less than forty nor more than eighty years, but I suspend the execution of the sentence." Thus came to its end one of America's most sensational . . . most horrible arson-murders; a hymn of hate that sent four innocent persons to their deaths.



WHEN WIFE AND MISTRESS MEET!

(Continued from page 37)
out at Rockaway Beach last Summer. I was furious because that woman followed us even on our vacation. During the argument, she swore, 'If it's the last thing I do, I'll break up your home.'

"Tell me, Mrs. Fanti," asked the detective, "Did you or your husband ever consider divorce as a solution to your problem?"

"For many years," she replied, "both Mrs. Nolan and Mariano begged me to let him get a divorce. But I refused, because of my children. Mariano even started an action once. I persuaded him to drop it."

This was all the information Mrs. Fanti could give the detectives, and thanking her for her co-operation, they departed.

"We have one more visit to make," Nolan reminded Cush. "Fanti's office."

DRIVING to the Sackett Street address, the sleuths sought out the night watchman and explained their mission. The detectives took advantage of the fact that he did not demand a search warrant. The watchman accompanied them into the executive offices and pointed out the desks of the exporter and his secretary.

Eagerly, Nolan located Fanti's personal checkbook and leafed through the stubs. The last one, dated that day, was made out for \$4,000, payable to the company.

"Fanti and Mrs. Nolan came here, all right," said the detective to his BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

companion.

"Since the transaction was on paper," Cush pointed out, "it means they didn't have that amount of cash with them, ruling out the possibility of robbery once and for all."

Nolan was continuing his search of Fanti's desk. "Just a minute," he said, "what's this?" He showed Cush a yellowed newspaper clipping, pasted on a sheet of letter paper. Above the clipping, pencilled in feminine handwriting, "Thought this might interest you!"

The story in the clipping bore the headline, **WOMAN POISONS HUSBAND FOR INSURANCE.**

"I wonder if that's Mrs. Nolan's handwriting?" asked Cush.

"We'll soon see," declared Detective Nolan, walking over to the secretary's desk. From a drawer, he withdrew a notebook with the slain woman's signature on the cover. He compared the writing with that on the pasted-up clipping. The specimens were identical. "No doubt about it. But why should Mrs. Nolan want to call Fanti's attention to this?"

Cush shrugged. "Let's finish our search."

The desk of the slain secretary revealed nothing more of any use. Chiefly it contained boxes of facial tissues, hairpins and other personal articles. Fanti's desk, however, revealed one more clue that caught Nolan's eye—the professional card of a well-known New York psychiatrist, with the telephone number underscored in heavy pencil.

It was now nearly midnight, and the detectives were compelled to call the psychiatrist at his home. Quickly, they explained the situation and asked if Fanti had consulted him and why.

"He came to me," the psychiatrist replied, "about a week ago and told me he had become obsessed with the idea that his wife was trying to poison him. He said he couldn't sleep. He was frank, and explained his problem fully. I told him the only thing to do was to break off the relationship with his mistress, and that his unwarranted fears of his wife would cease. He promised to do this."

Now the detectives were jubilant. "I begin to see the motive," declared Cush. "Mrs. Nolan showed that clipping to Fanti in an effort to persuade him to divorce his wife. That must have been some time ago. The poison idea preyed on his mind, and he couldn't stand it any longer. "He had two courses—to divorce or get rid of his wife, which he could not bring himself to do, or to part with Mrs. Nolan. He obviously loved both women."

"I see your point," agreed Nolan. "He knew that the only way he could sever his relationship with either of them was to kill that one. Because of the children, he would have found it more difficult to slay

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his wife. That must have been the decision to which he was forced—to kill Bertha Nolan, his mistress!"

Cush said, "Perhaps, by this time, Fanti has regained consciousness. The moment he does, we'll try for a confession."

Returning to the squad car, the detectives raced to Kings County Hospital. Anxiously, they inquired at the front desk if Fanti had regained consciousness.

"He's just coming to his senses now," replied the head nurse. "Assistant District Attorney William E. McCarthy is already up there with him!"

HASTENING into the elevator and up to the emergency ward, the detectives reached Fanti's bed. It was surrounded by gleaming white screens. The Prosecutor McCarthy stood beside it. Drawing him aside, the sleuths hastily gave him the substances of what they had learned and suspected.

"Good!" commented McCarthy. "I think he soon will be able to understand what's said to him and to talk!"

The handsome exporter's eyelids fluttered, then opened and blinked. He attempted feebly to raise his bandaged head.

"Where am I?" he asked in a low voice, licking his dry lips.

"You're lucky you're alive," said McCarthy. "Mariano Fanti, why did you kill Bertha Nolan?"

What little blood had remained in the exporter's face drained out completely, and his cheeks were the chalkwhite of death.

"Kill Bertha?" he repeated slowly.

"Yes," snapped McCarthy, bluffing, "we found your prints on the murder gun. You didn't succeed in wiping them all off!"

Fanti was silent for a moment and closed his eyes again. "All right," he said tonelessly, "I'll tell you why I did it. She was cheating on me!"

"What do you mean?" pressed the prosecutor.

"She was running around with other fellows. I couldn't stand it. So tonight, I drove her out on Shore Road. I wanted to kill her, but I lost my nerve."

"We drove over on Third Avenue and had some drinks at a bar and grill. Then I got back in the car and shot her."

"I intended to kill myself, too. I failed. After I had shot myself once, I changed my mind. I got panicky then and wiped off the gun, thinking I might make it look as though she had shot me and then herself. But I guess it didn't work."

"You're lying," declared McCarthy. "Mrs. Nolan loved you. It wasn't because you suspected her of cheating that you killed her, but because you wanted to get her out of the way!"

Fanti made no reply. He had

lapsed into unconsciousness.

McCarthy's stenographer, who had been sitting on the other side of the screen, had recorded the complete confession.

McCarthy conferred with the doctors in charge and learned that Fanti's condition was critical and probably would remain so for many weeks. The prosecutor delayed going before the Kings County Grand Jury to seek an indictment until it was certain the wealthy exporter would recover.

EARLY in February, 1938, Fanti was discharged from the hospital. A marked indentation showed on his forehead where the bone had been removed and next to his brain, he still carried half of the bullet.

Taken to the office of District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan for further questioning, he appeared to be in a daze. When Assistant District Attorney Bernard Becker asked him about Mrs. Nolan's slaying, he expressed surprise and declared that this was the first he had heard of it!

Fanti claimed that he could remember nothing that had happened, from shortly before the crime until he found himself in the hospital. He urged the prosecutor to get in touch with the psychiatrist he had visited to vouch for his unsettled mental condition.

District Attorney Geoghan, however, charged that Fanti's forgetfulness was assumed for the purpose of laying the ground for a plea of insanity.

In April, Fanti was indicted on a charge of first degree murder, and early in May, he was placed on trial before Judge Peter J. Brancato and a blue ribbon jury in Kings County Court.

On the witness stand, Fanti denied all knowledge of the shooting and testified that he did not remember making a confession. The defense counsel did his best to convince the jury that the exporter was insane at the time, and particularly stressed the testimony of the psychiatrist that Fanti had an obsession his wife was trying to poison him.

Pretty little Barbara testified for the prosecution, and when she was subjected to a grueling cross-examination by the defense, Fanti himself ordered his counsel to step in order to spare the slain woman's daughter.

Assistant District Attorney Sidney Gottesman conducted a brilliant prosecution. Early on the morning of May 18th, after deliberating for more than seven hours, the jury returned a verdict finding Fanti guilty of first degree manslaughter. Mrs. Fanti sobbed bitterly at the verdict, but her husband beamed, apparently believing himself lucky.

Fanti's smile faded, however, when he was led before Judge Brancato.

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

cato on June 9th, and sentenced to from ten to twenty years in Sing Sing Prison. Because his physical condition was poor, he was given a stay of sentence. Eight days later, he was driven to Grand Central Station and handcuffed to a detective, placed aboard a train for prison.

The wealthy exporter did not yet know all that was in store for him. He had served five months of his term when, a jury in Brooklyn Supreme Court directed Fanti to pay \$25,000 damages to the dead woman's estate. The suit had been brought on behalf of her two daughters by her brother.

Mariano Fanti still is paying for the slaying of his blonde "office wife." His case should serve as a tragic warning to others who flirt with a similar fate.

Editor's Note—To spare innocent persons possible embarrassment, the names Peter Briggs and Bob Harlow as used here, are not real but fictitious.



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SCARLET SINS OF THE VICE LORDS OF PARIS!

(Continued from page 27)

be sheltering with an automobile mechanic, Dubois, who had a garage in Choisy-le-Roi, near Paris.

So, at daybreak, on April 29th, the officer drove out with four armed detectives to investigate the story.

In the centre of a lot of waste ground stood the two-story garage of lath, plaster and tin. The upper story with balcony was reached by an outside wooden stair.

The detectives took a good look at the premises before they went in. There appeared to be no danger, but they were taking no chances. In the garage was a mechanic working on a motorcycle. This was Dubois himself. He took one look at the grim faces and the revolvers of the raiders and called out loudly to a boy who was at the far end:

"Get out—go on with you!"

The boy ran, but Guichard knew that the warning was for someone else.

Dubois sprang back. A revolver which he had gotten from somewhere unknown was in his hand, and down went Detective Harlow. So agile were the bandit's movements that he managed to dodge the BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

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shots fired at him, and the spring through a side door, up the stairs and into the upper floor.

The detective outside fired. Guichard carried Harlow out, and as he reached the open air, there was a fusillade from above. He glanced up, caught a momentary glimpse of Bonnot's distorted face, ablaze with fury and hate at a window. Then the heavy wooden shutter was drawn shut.

Through loopholes there came a few shots. Detective Augene keeled over. Guichard sent a hurry call for reinforcements.

Meanwhile, Bonnot and Dubois were snugly fortified in the upper story, and they saw to it that none could get near enough to get into the lower. They kept up a sniping fire, and two more detectives were severely wounded.

So effective was the defense that it called for stronger measures of attack. It was no use trying to rush the fort.

By nine-thirty, Lepine, the Prefect, had arrived to take charge of operations. He had with him two companies of the Republican guards, a military mounted force used in riots, for guard purposes, etc. Two hundred police, a body of firemen with ladders, while civilians arrived with shotguns. A force of five hundred in all.

Nothing checked the firing from the fort, though the attackers kept up a steady rifle fire. The pair within knew it was a battle to the death. They could not escape.

Chief Inspector Robert pleaded with Lepine to let him take some men and by creeping along the ground find some way to enter the garage from below. He was determined to avenge Jouin's death. But Lepine refused. It was too dangerous, and enough fatalities had happened to the detective force.

After a conference of the besiegers, a plan was agreed upon. If the walls could be blown in, the way could be cleared for an attack. Lieutenant Fontan of the Republican Guards volunteered for the dangerous job of placing the dynamite cartridges.

A peasant, with a hangover of tradition of some ancestor's part in medieval sieges, suggested that he get his horse and a wagon of hay, that he drive it close to the house as a shield to Fontan's operations. This offer was accepted. The wagon lumbered towards the house. This method of attack roused Bonnot and Dubois to activity. Bullets hummed, but did not prevent the peasant and Fontan from reaching the building. Fontan set his dynamite and lit the fuse. The peasant whipped up his horse and retreated.

There was a momentous pause, then nothing. The fuse had gone out. Once more, the moving shield covered Fontan's approach. He stooped, set his cartridge against the

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

door and retired with the wagon, unharmed.

There was a prodigious dull bang. The door was blown from its hinges.

Guichard and Fontan were first over the threshold. They were amazed to find the body of Dubois, stiff and cold. He had died hours earlier, and Bonnot alone had held the fort, running from one window to the other to fire.

One of the heroes of the French army whose name is honored was a sergeant who held the Tower of Auvergne singlehanded against a regiment. He surrendered only when his last shot was fired, and as he hobbled out, his foes saluted him as the bravest of the brave.

But no such generous tribute was to be paid to Bonnot.

They found him upstairs, peering with bloodstained face over a barrier of mattresses. As they came forward, he fired at them, and they returned the welcome. He fell back with a groan. But even when they laid hands on him, he struggled convulsively. They carried him down the outside stairs, but it was only a corpse which arrived at the hospital.

Bonnot was dead. There still remained Garnier, Vallet, and some of the lesser gangsters at large.

MAY 5th, two hairy, husky-voiced thugs, Benard and Poyer, who had been doing jobs for Bonnot, were arrested while engaged in shooting practice at bottles in a canal just outside Paris. The automatics they were using were two of those stolen from the gunshops, and Poyer had a kit of burglar tools.

A bank in Nogent-sur-Marne, a town built on a hill above the Marne, with many villas used by city people, reported that two men had made overtures to them about buying some bonds. They had turned down the offer, as they suspected they might have been stolen.

Though the two men did not answer to any description given by the police, there was something about the business which suggested they might be Garnier and Vallet in disguise.

An intensive search was made. It was discovered that the two were living in one of a number of small villas. They had a garden and spent hours working in it. There was no doubt they were the pair wanted, though Garnier had grown a moustache, and Vallet had bleached his hair.

Leading a quiet, domestic life, the two had brought from town their mistresses. Marie Schoofs or Vuillemin was Garnier's; while Vallet's was known only as Dodo. The two women were allowed to go out and shop, but were not permitted to do anything else. They had been heard to say they were all but prisoners and were sick of the life they were leading.

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Dieudonne as the man who had shot him. It was in vain that the prisoner pleaded with his accuser to say he was mistaken. The assailant had been left-handed, which Dieudonne was not.

The end drew near. The Attorney-General Bloch-Lorogue thundered: "They have violated all laws. They have not engaged in warfare with society for an idea, good or bad, but merely to practice robbery."

On February 27th, the jury retired. They were out all night. They came back in the morning with their minds made up.

The guillotine for Callemine, Monnier, Souday and Dieudonne. Callemine sprang to his feet.

"I have nothing to say for myself, but I swear Dieudonne was not Caby's assailant. It was Garnier and I. Dieudonne is innocent."

Life sentences were awarded to Metge and Carouy. Next morning, Carouy was beyond mortal punishment. In his lips was an old glove finger, soaked in cyanide, which he had managed in some way to hide on his person, though he had been stripped and searched.

Ten years to Deboe the printer, five to Crozat Fleury and Kilbarchiche, Poyer, six to his pal, Bernard, Belonie and Detweiller each got four years. Gauzy eighteen months. Jourdan who sheltered Callemine, and Reinert who did the same kindness to Garnier at one stage got a year apiece. Rimbault, the armorer of the gang, was adjudged insane.

Rodriguez and the three women were discharged.

An agitation in favor of Dieudonne brought results. There seemed to be a contradiction somewhere, so he was sent to Devil's island, from which after several attempts he managed to escape to Brazil. His extradition in 1927 was demanded by the French authorities, and he was brought back to Paris. But he did not land a convict, for while he was at sea, a Presidential pardon had been given. He walked off the gangplank a free man.

But no such fate was reserved for his three companions. At four o'clock on the morning of April 21, 1913, cold and raw, the District Attorney entered the death cells in the Sante prison. His first visit was to Dieudonne to announce he was to live. He awakened Callemine. "Be brave."

"Don't worry," said the gangster. "Can I have a drink of water?"

Souday smiled. Monnier hummed a song.

Sturdy, blackcoated Deibler, official executioner, with his aides gave the three their last toilet. He saw that their hair was off their necks, their shirt collars slit. He placed them in the black van for their short journey to where the guillotine was set up on Boulevard Arago. The sleek BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE



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The lobsterman nodded. "Right here on the desk," he said, "where she always kept it."

The state detective took several sheets of paper and a pencil. "I want you to copy this suicide note," he told the husband. Write it exactly as it is here."

Under his direction, Brewer made several copies of the note. "You're wasting your time," he said shortly. "I didn't kill my wife."

"Perhaps not," Cooper agreed. Nevertheless, he put the various pieces of paper in his pocket, intending to have them analyzed.

Dr. Wilbur F. Turner was selected for the job. He studied the various samples carefully, noting the similarity of some of the letters, the discrepancies in others.

Letters written by the dead woman were also checked—and in these were found certain similarities.

Had Dolda Brewer written the suicide note? The experts said no.

There was one important clue—not in the handwriting, not in the slant of the letters, but in the appearance of the letter itself, which any amateur, given sufficient samples for comparison and a reasonable amount of observatory powers, could have found.

It not only proved that Dolda Brewer had been murdered—but named her killer as well. The report which Dr. Turner wired back to the investigators on the case electrified them into instant action.

But storm clouds were gathering. There was still much to be done; witnesses to be questioned, reports to be checked. All this took time.

In the two weeks that followed their receipt of Dr. Turner's report, Cooper and Greenleaf interviewed scores of persons and obtained depositions filling one hundred and twenty-nine typewritten pages. The majority of the townsfolk resented this investigation. They did not like the "prying into their affairs."

Governor Louis J. Brann sent his personal investigator, Detective Charles E. Leeman, to Boothbay Harbor. And to him, Joe Ward, a kelp gatherer, revealed that he had heard screams come from the Brewer home at two p.m. on the afternoon of the murder. This failed to check with Brewer's story of the screams he had heard at night which had been put down to howling cats.

To verify the findings of the original autopsy, the state obtained a writ to exhumate the body of Mrs. Brewer. A second examination substantiated Dr. Gregory's assertions that Mrs. Brewer could not have killed herself.

With no weapon or motive, and depending on Dr. Gregory's statement for proof of murder, the case was presented to the grand jury. The jury found a true bill, and a bench warrant was immediately issued for the arrest of Reuben Brewer, phrasing him with the murder. **BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE**

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of his wife.

The citizens were outraged. Reuben Brewer was popular among his neighbors, and none seemed able to believe that he could have committed the murder. Attorney Frank A. Tirrell Jr., a brilliant criminal lawyer, was engaged in his defense.

The state contended that Brewer's "little argument" with his wife on the Saturday afternoon preceding the murder, had in reality been a fatal assault on her life. To bolster this theory, they banked heavily on the testimony of Ward, who had said he had heard the screaming of a woman at the approximate time.

But on the stand, Ward declared that he had been mistaken. He had heard screams, yes, but it was on Sunday instead of Saturday—and by Sunday, the body of Dolda Brewer was already in the morgue.

Elated, the defense counsel introduced the "Sis Kate" of the suicide note. She testified that it was written in the handwriting of her sister.

"Are you certain?" she was asked. "I ought to be," she replied. "I've been reading it for fifteen years."

But the state was not finished. Triumphantly, they introduced the report of Dr. Turner.

Turner was nothing if not thorough. He admitted the similarity of the writing on the note and the samples of the dead woman's cor-

respondence. But Dolda Brewer had handled most of her husband's accounts. She had written his name, time and again.

Reuben Brewer had not gone beyond the third grade in school. Uneducated, virtually illiterate, he could do little more than write his own name—and he could not write that correctly. In every sample of his script, the name Reuben was spelled with an "i" instead of an "e", Reubin.

His wife, on the other hand, spelled it correctly every time.

And that one mistake, Dr. Turner contended, was conclusive evidence that Reuben Brewer had himself written the suicide note, after beating his wife to death.

This testimony created a sensation. Desperately, the defense strove to overcome the impression it had made on the jury, but to no avail. The jury, out five hours, returned with a verdict of guilty and a recommendation for mercy.

Reuben Brewer had not gone before in the Thomaston state prison for the murder of his spouse—convicted because he was unable to spell his own name.

Editor's Note: The names, Dick Wellner, Joe Ward, Pat Sellers, Milburn Lackey, and Mrs. Keith Irvin as used in this story are not real but fictitious, to save embarrassment.



THE AMATEUR DETECTIVE WAS A PROFESSIONAL KILLER!

(Continued from page 8)

name had not been bestowed upon him as a term of affliction.

At the age of sixty-five, Edwirth G. Ham, peddler, small-time bootlegger, petty gambler and note-shaver, had had many acquaintances—but very few friends! When he had occasionally "obliged" his drinking customers by selling them a pint or two of alk-split, the transaction always had to be strictly cash-on the nail.

When Ham had lent money, as he had done now and then on terms of his own dictating, the security had had to be ample, the interest generous and the payments prompt.

All in all, Uncle Ham had never been, what you could call a lovable

character.

Ham had had a young and pretty wife, quite a few years back, it was recalled in Portsmouth. But it had not taken long for the bride to realize her sad mistake and to quit her aging and ill-tempered husband, and to return to her own relatives in Lynn. Mrs. Ham had obtained her divorce in 1917. And from then on, Uncle Ham had lived alone.

It was on November 13, 1929, that they found him dead.

Ham had been last seen alive on October 3rd, when he had paid his rent. Police had reason to believe that it was on the night of October 3rd—or very soon afterward—that someone had stepped up behind the old man, as he sat in his shirt sleeves near the kitchen stove, and had bashed his brains out.

Uncle Ham's lodgings were on the second floor, over a Market Street seed store. Neither the building's owner, the storekeeper, nor tenants of a third story apartment thought much of the fact that they had failed to see Ham for several weeks on end. He was not inclined to sociability under any circumstances.

It had always been Uncle Ham's practice, however, to be prompt with his rent. So when mid-November rolled around, with the rent still unpaid, and the old man not in evidence, the landlord had decided to investigate. He requested Harold Swazey, a clerk in the seed store, to climb a ladder and peek into the

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to two items of evidence.

They found a small locker in Uncle Ham's living-room, a locker which had been quite plainly forced open, and they satisfied themselves that someone had visited the apartment after the time of the murder, yet long before official discovery of the body.

The investigators did not think that the slayer had been engaged in a burglary when the killing had been committed.

It was their theory, rather, that the murderer had been an acquaintance of Uncle Ham, paying him a call and striking him down treacherously as he sat, unsuspecting in his chair.

If the crime had been accomplished in this manner, however, why should there have been any need for breaking the lock of the apartment's door?

"That's easy," said City Marshal Ducker. "The killer meant to rob Uncle Ham. But, after the fatal blows had been struck, he got panicky-stricken. Later on, maybe a day or two afterward, he was encouraged by the fact that the crime remained undiscovered. He decided to return to the murder scene, to take what he wanted, and then to lock the door again."

"This time he had to force his entrance. And I can show you how he did it. He stood in the narrow hallway outside the apartment door; he put his feet against the door panel, and then he heaved with all his strength."

"He didn't leave any fingerprints, but he did leave footprints. You can see them there on the hallway wall; they're the marks of sneakers."

"It may be that in the broken locker in Ham's living room he had a store of cash. If so, the killer came and took it. Maybe there's some of Uncle Ham's more easily salable merchandise gone. We can't be sure of that, but we can check up on its possible disposal."

WITH this much of theory and fact upon which to proceed, the investigators soon learned that there had, indeed, been a young man wearing sneakers who had been seen in the vicinity of Uncle Ham's lodgings.

Tracing the movements of the sneaker-wearing youth, City Marshal Ducker came across evidence which assured him that this trail was the right one.

He learned that his suspect had been in need of money, and had obtained nine dollars—by the sale, at a bargain price, of certain kitchen utensils of exactly the type which had been Uncle Ham's chief stock-in-trade.

Acquaintances of the suspect said that he had spoken of going to Boston. They also said that he had talked of obtaining work as a hospital attendant.

The next move of Assistant At-

torney Wadleigh and City Marshal Ducker was to come to Boston and retain the services of private detective James R. Wood, who had in the past rendered frequent and valuable services to the state of New Hampshire.

Jim Wood, having heard the story of the Portsmouth crime, communicated at once with District Attorney Robert T. Bushnell, obtaining from the latter the assignment to the case of State Detective Edward P. Sherlock.

This was late in November of 1929.

On January 10, 1930, there was brought to Wood's Court Street office Morris G. Hurd, thirty-five, formerly of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and more recently of Worcester.

"We've asked you to come in here, Hurd," said Wood, "because we understand you're from Portsmouth, and we think you might help us in our investigation of that Uncle Ham murder."

"You're a man of brain and education, we know. You used to be quite active in Sunday school work in Portsmouth, so they tell us. Now you're a hospital attendant down here in Massachusetts."

"You mean you want me to help you do some detective work?" Hurd inquired, apparently greatly pleased.

"That's what we want," said Wood. "Here's a badge for you. Now, first, before we start out, give us as much information as you can concerning Uncle Ham's habits."

Hurd talked, and talked volubly. He exhibited a thorough knowledge of the layout of Uncle Ham's apartment. He even showed a knowledge of certain of the murder details which had never been made public.

"All right, Hurd," snapped Jim Wood finally. "This has been very interesting. Now, suppose you tell us why you killed the old man?"

First Hurd blustered. Then he whined. But he had involved himself in a mass of incriminating contradictions.

In the end, he broke down.

Robbery had, indeed, Hurd admitted, been the motive for the murder. He had struck the victim from behind with the machinist's hammer—Ham's hammer.

Having thrown the hammer in the firebox of the kitchen stove and having washed his hands in the sink, he had first smashed his way into the locker where Uncle Ham kept some money; then he had fled.

Later, just as City Marshal Ducker had suspected, he had been emboldened by the fact that the crime had obviously remained undiscovered. He had returned to Ham's apartment, had broken open the door and had helped himself to considerable merchandise. Then finally, he had taken the dead man's keys and had secured the door with its second lock. He had subsequently paid several visits to the scene of

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CRIMSON CRIMES OF THE LUST- FUL LADIES!

(Continued from page 17)
sale of rings and the like. . ."

On November 20th, there had been wild doings in a little saloon, the Marseilles Bar, just off a red light district. About six o'clock in the evening, a man had come in and gone back to the dining room where he ordered a drink. A little later, three young fellows pushed past the bar and also went in back, closing the door. Those in the bar could hear low talk, then a growing murmur of argument, and then a crash as a table went over, followed by several reports.

The proprietor ran back to find the first comer groaning in agony, holding his hands to his stomach. The three young men had escaped by the kitchen and backyard, one of them limping and another bleeding at the neck.

The police arrived but could get nothing out of the wounded man. He said he did not know his assailants, and had no idea why they had attacked him.

The police however did have an idea. They linked the battle with a burglary committed a couple of days earlier in which twenty thousand francs worth of jewels and furs had been taken. Versini was a jobbing jeweler and strongly suspected of being a fence, and it was concluded that there had been an argument between him and the thieves over the price he offered them for their booty.

Armed with a description of the three men, two inspectors raided a bar and picked up two of them, among them Engender, still with a very game knee. The third they arrested as he was trying to sell some fox furpieces.

After some coaxing, the trio admitted the burglary, but Engender said he had merely watched in the hallway, and as to the shooting, he had heard a revolver go off and out of curiosity ran in to see what was going on. He explained volubly he did not know Versini.

AND so it was that Robert was available for questioning in connection with a much more serious offense. He was let alone, however, for a time, while rapid and intensive investigations were carried on, and BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE



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so successfully, that when Boupatt went to see him, the Commissaire had quite a few things up his sleeve.

"What do you know about Renee?"

"Renee?" echoed Engender.

"Renee Arbel. . ."

"Oh, her. That's what I'd like to know."

"So would all of us," Boupatt retorted drily. "Anyway, you can explain how you came to sell her fur cloak and silver fox neckpiece on October 15th."

"Oh, she gave them to me to sell for her."

"And no doubt she gave you the emerald ring she used to say she wanted to be buried with, so much did she treasure it. You sold that in Monte Carlo on October 11th for 1700 francs. How about that?"

"She gave me that, too."

"And the two rings you sold to a jeweler in town?"

"Yes. She was hard up, and she needed some ready cash."

"You wrote to Monsieur Milan, her lawyer in Lyons, asking him to send you the rents he had collected from her property there. You wrote to the bank to send you her deposit. Why?"

"Because she asked me to do it for her. She meant to go on a long visit, and she wanted to have plenty of money with her."

"Oh she was going on a long visit was she? When did she leave Nice?"

"About the 10th or 12th of October. She was going to Lyons."

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"Oh, and she had some baggage. A new trunk, perhaps?"

"Yes, that is so. I bought it for her and had it sent to the apartment. The day she left, she asked me to take the trunk to the station. She met me there, and she told me she was going on to Paris after Lyons. She said she would let me have her address, so I could send her what I had got for the things she gave me to sell and so on."

"What happened to the trunk?"

"I took it to the baggage office, and Renee saw about it being registered. Then she got her ticket and a platform ticket for me. I saw her get into a second class carriage—and that was the last I saw of her."

"You are sure of that, Engender?"

"Positive. What are you getting at?"

"You killed Renee Arbel!"

"Kill the goose that laid the golden eggs? Not me! I may have done lots of dirty things, but not that. You're barking up the wrong tree."

"What did you do after you left her at the station, as you say?"

"I went back to the apartment, and I stayed a few days; then I went to Monte Carlo."

"What did you do with the body?"

"What body?"

"You know very well what I mean. The body of Renee Arbel!"

"Show me the body, and I'll believe she's dead." Engender snapped, and that was the end of that talk.

Boupat, while search was being carried on for the chief piece of damning evidence and any possible witnesses to its transportation and disposal, dug into Engender's past, and came upon a mistress, Therese Buttafoghi, a young woman from Corsica. Engender had found her plying her trade in a low dive in a small town and taken her out. They had gone to Corsica to her parents, and he had told them he meant to marry her—this, despite the fact that he had a wife from whom he was not divorced. While in Corsica, he had been arrested for theft.

While Robert was serving his time, Therese went to a house in Marseilles, and she was there when she got in touch with Engender again. He sent for her, and the Monte Carlo police reported that the pair had been seen there on October 4th, going about openly to resorts, Therese wearing what was apparently Renee Arbel's fur neckpiece and an emerald ring. They had money to spend at first, but it did not last long. Engender took back his gifts and sold them. He ran up a bill with the Astoria Bar, and when pressed for payment, he gave the proprietor some stock certificates to hold as security. These were identified as belonging to Madame Arbel. The pair left Monte Carlo towards the end of October and parted.

BOUPAT sent out a call for Therese, but it was not till January that she was traced to a red light house in the town of Arles.

Would she talk, that was the question?

When it was pointed out to the girl gently but firmly that she might be charged with complicity in the crime, she decided to brave the danger of a sudden silencing by some associate of her lover.

Therese had met Engender in Monte Carlo as arranged, and she had been surprised by the money he seemed to have and the gifts he gave her. He had never given her anything before, but this time he was generous. She wondered where he had obtained the furs, and one night she thought she would ask him. He wasn't drunk or anything like that, but he told her without any fuss that they had belonged to Madame Arbel.

Therese asked if they had been given to him.

"No," he said, "I took them. I killed the old girl. I wanted her to give me some money, but she was stingy, and she turned me down. So I strangled her, and I helped myself to all her belongings."

"But what did you do with the body?" she asked.

"I got a trunk, and I packed it in it, and I shipped it by express to Viviers where my mother lives. The body is buried in the garden there. And now I'm all upset. My mother writes me she's going to move. The people who move in will dig in the garden and—I tell you I'm worried to death!"

Later he said to her:

"I was a damned fool to tell you anything. See this razor; I'll slice your tongue out if you make a squawk."

Therese got out the next day and took the first train to Arles. She knew Robert meant what he said, and she was afraid of him. She had not seen him since that day.

Police activities were now transferred to the little town of Viviers with its narrow, winding streets, and particularly to the house and garden occupied by Engender's mother and his invalid sister, Gabrielle.

A toil-worn peasant woman, the suspect's mother, said she had seen no trunk brought to her house, and that the only time Robert had been there had been October 21st or 22nd when he had stayed overnight.

In spite of her protestations, six sturdy workmen were set to upturn all the soil in the garden. At the end of the day, every inch had been excavated, and all that was found was a bundled up sheet, some bloodstained rags and a woman's chemise. The sheet was marked with the initials R. A.

"I know nothing about them," said Madame Engender.

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been called by telephone, October 2nd, and had taken Engender from his mother's house to the railway station.

It seemed quite clearly established that Engender had been there at that time.

No trace could be found of the vehicle which had transported the trunk and Engender to the station in Nice, though from its description by Madame Ricard and another witness, it was not a taxi, but an old model Fiat driven by a blonde young man.

According to Coq, the trunk had been set down at the Engender house in Viviers. There, all trace of it ended. Not a particle of it had been unearthed in house, garden or neighboring countryside.

ANOTHER death added its problems to the case. Monsieur Leon, the local admirer of Renee Arbel was found dead in a gas-filled room. One at least had mourned Renee and her fading fascination.

With that admirable industry and patient research which the French have carried to such lengths that as much as two years sometimes pass before a criminal is brought before judges and jury, Boupatt and his staff continued to gather scraps of information here and there and to fit them into the picture.

For instance, he knew that a trunk had been expressed from the Nice station, October 1st, and that its weight was eighty-seven kilos—a kilo being a little over two lbs. Now, the weight of the trunk as testified by the salesman at the Travel Supply shop, was twenty kilos. The contents of the trunk weighed sixty-seven. Could Renee Arbel's weight be near this?

Fortune was with Boupatt. In the missing woman's apartment, he had found a weighing machine ticket, dated September 3rd, giving the weight of the person as sixty-seven kilos.

There was no doubt left in Boupatt's mind. The trunk had contained the dead body. But to produce this dead body from his magician's hat was another matter, and a case without a corpse was a brain teaser.

And then, all at once there came what appeared to be the answer to a detective's prayer.

On May 3rd, a neighbor of the Engenders, a Monsieur Gambin who had a garden by the edge of a stream flowing into the Rhone, thought he would do a little digging and planting. He was clearing some rubbish out of a ditch when suddenly he stopped and backed away. There was something dead, long dead under the rubbish. He poked at it with a stick. It looked like a pillow slip with something inside—something—a dog, drowned and washed into the ditch by flood. He left it there while he went home for the day.

After he was gone, a woman, looking for a grave for her rabbits, also came on the bundle and being more curious, she opened the tied pillow case. One look, and she was off to the gendarme station. The contents were not animal but human!

Soon the woman was back with Sergeant Rivaute and one of his men, and the package, handled with the utmost care, was taken to the station. There it was examined by two doctors. There was only a section of a human trunk, and the sex was hard to determine since it had been cut below the breasts and above the defining organs. But the doctors were of the opinion that the sex was female.

The lungs were filled with a mass of black, coagulated blood. The death had been caused by strangulation.

News was flashed at once to Boupatt. Strangled! surely this must be part of the body of Renee Arbel.

Yet when Boupatt himself examined the hideous remains, he realized that presumption without positive identification was not the least aid to his case. If he could not prove this was all that was left of the missing woman, if he could not show Engender transporting this to the place where it was found, the new discovery was of no value.

Nothing more came to light to turn theory into proof. And finally, the magistrate on the case, Monsieur Vachier, decided that the total amount of evidence was in the hands of the prosecution.

AND so on May 7, 1937, Engender was brought to trial at the Nice Assizes.

The defendant heard the charges read and stated he was not guilty. The presiding judge looked at him sternly.

"You are Robert Engender, born at Gray, February 16, 1910. You went with your mother and sister to live at Viviers. From the very first you had a bad reputation. At fifteen, you were a lover of a married woman whose husband divorced her on your account. You worked by fits and starts, and were no good. Your employers dismissed you all the time, for violence, thefts and other reasons. You had many mistresses, the last being Therese Buttafoggi. When did you meet Renee Arbel?"

"Oh, I met her in August, 1935, at Nice," said Engender easily. "I met her in the restaurant where I used to eat. We got to talking, and she said she had an apartment at Nice, and she said I could have a room."

"And so you became her lover?"

"Oh, well, when she offered me a room, I knew what she meant by that," he said with a smirk.

"How long did your affair last?"

"About a month."

"How did it end?"

The prisoner started on a long explanation of Madame Arbel's proposed trip, his buying the trunk, and seeing her off at the station.

"And that was the last you saw of her?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure you did not kill her?"

"I am innocent," he said impressively. "I can't understand why I should be here charged with murder."

"Therese Buttafoghi maintains you confessed the crime to her."

"If I had done that, don't you think I would have told her where I hid the body?"

"That is just what you did. You told her, in the garden of your mother's home."

"No, I would never have done that. I have too much regard for my mother and sister to do that."

"Then how do you explain the sheets found under the figtree?"

"I know nothing about them."

"The twelve hairs adhering to the pillow case?"

"What hairs?"

There was sudden alarm in Engender's voice. This was the first time the discovery of hairs at Viviers identified as Madame Arbel's had been disclosed.

The court explained.

"I know nothing about them!" Engender said sharply.

"Are you telling us you have an enemy so powerful that he would stick at nothing to fasten a crime on you which you have not committed?"

"I'd like to meet him," said Engender between clenched teeth. "I know one enemy, and a woman. Therese sent me a letter saying she was a Corsican, and she would have her revenge because I deserted her."

Robert had voluble explanations for his possession of the dead woman's property. Witness after witness confronted him. The mass of evidence grew heavier and heavier.

In the absence of Therese, her sworn statement was read. It went into details—the miserable admissions of Engender:

"One night, I was a bit too rough, and she said to me—Im not the sort of woman that keeps a man like you. Pack up and get out! I got out, and next night I got into the apartment with a key I had made. I was after her diamonds. I was in the kitchen; she must have heard me for she opened her bedroom door. Then I leapt on her, and I put a cord around her throat. She cried, 'Stop, I'll give you anything you want'—but it was too late. I couldn't stop. She flogged down, dead."

"I looked round for something to put her into, but there was nothing, and I knew I had to get a trunk. I left her lying there, and I went out to buy a trunk. I wrapped her in a sheet and locked the trunk, and then I got it to the station and on the BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE



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train. I got to my mother's, and during the night I got up and buried the body in the garden. I washed out the trunk, and I put it in the barn."

Robert's mother was called to the stand, with a piteous tale of poverty, a bed-ridden daughter, a son who had brought her nothing but grief but who loved her.

She swore that when Robert came to see her he had no trunk, nor had she heard a noise during the night.

"Engender!" said the presiding judge sharply. "Have you anything to say to your mother?"

Robert rose and began to sob. The old woman facing him sobbed. He held out his hands to her.

"Mother, mother—listen to me. I've done a lot of harm and bad in my life, but I swear to you I never killed or robbed Madame Arbel. Tell my sister that. You've got to believe me."



SEX-STARVED WOMEN ARE COFFIN BAIT!

(Continued from page 13)

home, like to meet lady without children. Object, matrimony. Address M 422, Abend Post.

Life was very drab for Mrs. Marie Walcker, who kept a small penny candy store at 12 Willow Street. Betrayed by a husband whom she had divorced, she was now forty-six years old. Though she put a bold front on it, life was difficult. The rent, the bills, the cost of food, of supplies for her meager stock, each item meant a prolonged and worrying arithmetic problem.

There was no future for her. She was too old to begin again, too old to get a man, too old to regain the hopes of youth.

Seated in the living room back of the store, with her sister, Mrs. Bertha Sohn, she rocked to and fro disconsolately.

"Ach, Gott, I wish I were dead and in my grave, Bertha. I am so tired, so tired. And the business—some day, maybe, there will be no business. Those drug stores—why don't they stick to the drugs and not take the pennies away from a poor woman?"

"You should get you a husband, Marie. A nice German man with a saloon, maybe."

"I believe you, my boy. You are my son, and my son could not be a murderer."

But when the jury which had seen the pendulum of proof and denial swing to and fro for two days had returned from their conference, they brought a verdict of guilty, but a recommendation to mercy.

After all, they said to themselves, no doubt Engender killed Madame Arbel, but still no dead body has been identified as hers.

"Twenty years with hard labor."

Engender drew a long breath, a sigh of relief. At least, his neck was safe. The shadow of the falling knife no longer darkened his waking hours and lay across the prison cot on which he tossed in the night. Only at times there would be a cry in his ears, a cry he could never hope to silence—"Stop! I'll give you anything you want."

"You must be crazy dumb, Bertha, where would I get a man? A man wants a young girl. No, I guess I got to go on to the end of my days selling two cents gumdrops, five cents jelly beans—and them kids with their sticky fingers all over everything. Ach, do you remember, Bertha, what mamma used to say? 'Enjoy your happiness when you can. Maybe come sad days, little ones.'"

"Just listen to this," said Bertha from behind the pages of the paper.

She read aloud the advertisement inserted by the cunning Mr. Hoch.

"Why don't you write a reply, Marie?"

"Why, he don't want any one like me."

"He wants a widow without children. That's you, ain't it? You fix yourself up a bit and try your luck. I'll lend you my new silk dress."

Mrs. Walcker swayed in her chair.

"It ain't possible, Bertha."

"Everything's possible. Gott, didn't that Mrs. Schaus, fifty-six and maybe more, get that nice man in the delicatessen store in the next block? Crazy about her, he is. I tell you, Marie, maybe this is your chance come at last. I tell you, write, right away."

"I must write? What could I say? I wonder what kind of a man he is, Bertha."

"You'll never know till you see him."

"Write to him, Bertha. Maybe he won't answer. He says he's got a home. Ach, to have a home and some comfort—"

"And maybe a nice fellow to kiss the hand and make love."

Mrs. Walcker's eyes grew dreamy. She sighed.

"I guess you're right, Bertha. You write the letter. I get you a pen and the ink and a sheet of the linen

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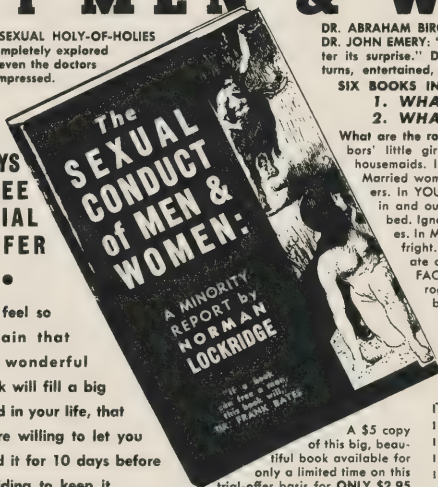
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her photograph and said he would like to wear it next his heart. Several days after, he whispered boldly into her ear that had he met her before he married Marie he would have preferred her as his wife.

This whispering and coy corner conversation did not escape the notice of the patient, who, however sick she felt, was still interested in her husband, and one day she bitterly upbraided Emilie for her flirting with John. There were high words, and Mrs. Fischer in a passion took her departure.

Emilie was soon back. Marie's condition was serious, and this time she had no strength left to battle with her sister and husband, whatever they did. Hoch kept up his insidious work of winning Emilie.

On January 12th, just a month after the wedding, Mrs. Hoch died. The same doctor signed her death certificate as due to the disease stated.

While Mrs. Hoch was lying dead, Hoch was continuing to charm Emilie.

When Emilie remonstrated with him not to forget the dead, he lightly replied:

"The dead are for the dead and the living for the living. It don't make any difference to her, me talking to you this way."

But when the neighbors were around, a different Hoch was on view. This Hoch was the world's most disconsolate widower. He wept, he sobbed, he paced up and down. At the graveside, he had to be supported, or he would have collapsed.

Three days after the funeral, Emilie became Mrs. Hoch. Hoch had told her they would go to Germany for a honeymoon and see his old father before he died.

"When do we start?" asked the bride eagerly.

"Just as soon I can straighten out my affairs, Emilie. I need a thousand dollars to fix everything nice, and then we can go. My money is all tied up just at the minute."

What could the new bride do, but draw seven hundred and fifty dollars out of her savings account and trustingly hand it over to John?

It was coming on to evening, and the newlyweds went to the bride's former residence to collect some things. This was a rooming flat which she had at 372 Wells Street.

When they got there, one of the bride's roomers, Mr. Bauerborck, answered the door and announced excitedly:

"Don't go in, Mrs. Hoch! Mrs. Sohn is here and she says he"—indicating Hoch—"murdered your sister. She says he's a swindler and a thief."

Mrs. Hoch looked sharply at her husband.

"What are you changing color for? If you haven't done anything wrong, you should not be afraid."

Hoch said nothing, but sat down. "She says she's going to call the police," added the helpful roomer. "She is crazy," said Hoch. "Go back you two and calm her down. I will wait here myself for you. Such a talk, Gott!—on my wedding day."

Mrs. Hoch and the roomer went back to the kitchen where Mrs. Sohn was holding forth to a neighbor. There was some excited talk, and then the bride came back to the front of the apartment.

But Hoch was gone, and his wife did not set eyes on him again until she saw him behind bars.

Emilie was then ready to testify that she had seen him give her sister a light colored powder in water two days before her death.

Mrs. Hoch waited two days and then turned in a call for the missing man, and from all over the country came the cries of the desperate women, still alive, who had been his victims. The dead made no outcry.

The body of Mrs. Bertha Hoch was exhumed. There were 7.6 grams of arsenic in the stomach and 1.25 in the liver.

ON January 30th, Hoch was arrested. He was no way daunted. He was ready to give his views on the weakness of women. Flatter them, and they fell like ripe plums. He declared he had no use for women, except as a business proposition. They wanted something; he gave them something—a lot of words that meant nothing to him, and in exchange he gladly accepted their money.

There was not an expression of regret in all this perverted philosophy of life. He prided himself on the quickness of his work, and sneered at the gullibility of the other sex. He always selected women who had passed forty-six. They fell without him having to make any effort. Crazy for a man, crazy for a home. Crazy to have some one to show off to other desperate women.

Hoch had a good lawyer, but casuistry of argument could not persuade a jury that Hoch should go free, and on May 19th, a verdict was reached in half an hour. The jury had heard that he had married forty women in fifteen years, and that Marie Walcker had died of poison.

Three ballots were taken. Number one: jury unanimous as to his guilt. Two: ten for death and two for life imprisonment. Ballot the third: jury agreed on death penalty.

When the verdict was read in court, Hoch collapsed like a pricked balloon.

"I guess it's all up with John now," he groaned.

Later that day, he said to the newspaper men:

"I wish they would hang me tonight, now they have found me guilty. I am not afraid to die, and

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in avoiding baldness. We can and do promise that after 30 days' trial you must enjoy thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again - or we guarantee to refund not only the price you pay - but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

You know, we could not make this offer unless Comate is all we say it is!

You want the finest growth of hair, the cleanest, the clearest and healthiest scalp. That is your birth-right. Read the unsolicited testimonials, study your Insurance Policy and Guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** - unless delighted.

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Nothing - not even Comate - can grow hair from dead follicles. So act now while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier-looking hair again. Later may be too late! The price for a full 30 days' supply is only \$5.00 (Fed. tax incl.) - less than the cost of a pack of cigarettes a day. Isn't your hair worth the best?

© COMATE LABORATORIES INC., 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

HERE IS YOUR GUARANTEE

Policy of Insurance

Comate is warranted to be made of U.S.P. standard ingredients, scientifically and accurately compounded. You, the user, must be beneficiary of generally improved condition of hair and scalp - or we guarantee to refund **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY** upon return of bottle and unused portion.

SIGNED: *Comate Laboratories Inc.*



PROOF!

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
- L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
- D. W. G., c/o FPO, N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
- Mrs. R. LeB, Piquette, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
- R. H. Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
- C. E. H. N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, it can tell it."
- Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
- G. E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
- D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
- F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
- Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
- L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
- Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Comate Laboratories Inc., 366 Madison Ave., Dept. 1-BD New York

Please rush my bottle (30 days' supply) of Comate hair and scalp formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you GUARANTEE refund of **DOUBLE MY MONEY** BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find \$5.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order, Send postpaid)
Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$5.00, plus postal charges

Name

Address

City

Zone

State

U.S.P. Pat. Canada: Pat. (U.S. 2,471,113)

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

the sooner it is over the better. My life was guessed away by that jury, jah. They did not give sufficient consideration to the evidence."

"Did you really kill your wife, John?" asked one.

"By Gott, no! I hope they don't keep me in jail. I would rather die."

As he was led back to his cell, he whistled a lively tune.

Strange as it may appear, this killer made friends in jail. The other prisoners fell under the unaccountable spell of the man. The chaplain who attended his last moments believed he was innocent. The last Mrs. Hoch repented of her squealing to the police and visited him with consoling words.

The execution was set for June 23rd, but on the morning of the last day a tender-hearted maiden laid advanced sufficient money to make up the sum required to appeal the case. She said she did not know the prisoner, but wanted to give him a chance to prove his innocence.

Early in 1906, the appeals court decided against the prisoner.

His death was fixed to take place between the hours of ten and two, February 23rd.

"Well, boys," said Hoch, as he was placed in the death cell on the evening before, "I am ready. I will die game to-morrow. I go to the scaffold with a clear conscience."

A last hour attempt to save the man failed by a few minutes. The stay of execution, secured by his attorneys on the charge that Hoch had been robbed of his constitutional right in being taken out of New York on a warrant charging bigamy to be tried for murder in Illinois, was granted some twenty minutes after the drop fell in the county jail.

Hoch declared just before the last moment, so it is said, that he died innocent, and called on the heavenly Father to forgive his executioners.

An incident which I should have mentioned as occurring at the close of the address made by Hoch's attorney was this.

The attorney said to the jury:

"I ask you to take with you to the jury room a few lines of poetry and consider them. With these verses in your mind, I believe you will give this man the liberty which he should have."

He then solemnly presented each member of the jury with a typed copy of the well known hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light!"

There is a story, apparently well authenticated, that when Mrs. Hoch came to claim the body, she, in company with her spiritual adviser, went from cemetery to cemetery seeking to give it burial, and that two days elapsed before a last resting place was granted to the remains of the man who had been hanged.

BEST TRUE FACT DETECTIVE

If you want to get the MOST out of married life, you owe it to YOURSELF and the one you love, to learn the TRUTH about SEX now, before it is too late!

So many married people THINK they know it all, but they are really FEARFULLY IGNORANT about Sex Practice in Marriage. Do not be one of those whose marriage is ruined by Sex Mistakes!

SEX IGNORANCE Leads to Trouble SEX KNOWLEDGE Brings Happiness

Unless people LEARN HOW to make sexual intercourse harmonious and happy, a great deal of trouble usually follows. Very often the wife is not sexually AWAKENED. As a result, she DISLIKES sexual intercourse—the husband may become SEXUALLY STARVED—the wife becomes nervous, her health suffers.

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Use your sex power as Dr. Evans shows, AND IT WILL HELP YOU! Lack your every-day problems with MORE SUCCESS than you ever DREAMED possible!

Take advantage of this money-saving offer today! RETURN THE COUPON NOW!

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The Arts of Love, Broking, Petting, Caring, Choosing Your Ideal Mate, Courtship and Mating, The Wedding Night, First Entry, Advice to Bride and Groom, Physical Union and Sexual Bliss, Approach and Withdrawal, How to Adjust Happily to Mate, Mutual Sex Satisfaction, Sex Harmony, Sex Organs: Male, Female, Sexual Response, Control of Sex Excitement, Homosexuality.

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—Quoted Review of Biology.

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☐ CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only \$1.95 with this coupon, and receive your books when I have had a full trial. (I have no cash guarantee, of course.) We reserve the right to reject orders and refund money if supply is exhausted.

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The Unsatisfied Wife
Effect Upon Nerves—Fear of Pregnancy—The Acquiescent Wife—True and False Sexual Response—Happily Managing the Sex Act—Problems of Orgasm—Satisfying of Normal Sexual Appetite—The Overworked Wife.

Married Courtship
Making Deeds Known to the Special Language of Sex—Tactics the Husband Should Use—Tactics the Wife Should Use—Helpful Beginnings to Sexual Union—Sexual Appeal: Spiritual Appeal, Secondary Sexual Center.

The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
Factors in Intercourse—Factors in Determining Orgasm—Two Types of Orgasm in Women—Producing Climax Through—Mechanical Side of Sex Union—Sexual Stimulation; Sexual Adjustment.

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